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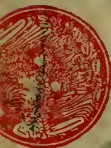
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1852

THE

VOCAL LYRE.



NEWARK, N. J.

PUBLISHED BY BENJ. OLDS.
1852.

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THE
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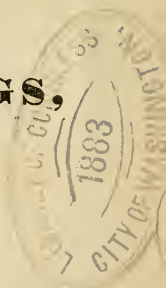
OF THE MOST
POPULAR, SENTIMENTAL,

33
PATRIOTIC,

AND
COMIC SONGS,

OF THE PRESENT TIME.

NEWARK, N. J.:
PUBLISHED BY
BENJAMIN OLDS.
1852.



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THE
VOCAL LYRE.



NEWARK, N. J.
BENJAMIN OLDS,
PUBLISHER.



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THE VOCAL LYRE

HERE'S THE BOWER.

HERE'S the bower she loved so much

And here's the tree she planted,
Here's the harp she used to touch.

Oh! how that touch, enchanted!
Roses now unheeded sigh,

Where's the hand to wreath them?
Songs around neglected lie.

Where's the lip to breathe them?

Spring may bloom, but she we loved

Ne'er shall feel its sweetness,

Time, that once so fleetly moved,

Now hath lost its fleetness

Years were days when here she stray'd,

Days were moments near her;

Heaven ne'er formed a brighter maid,

Nor wept a dearer.

THE HARP THAT ONCE

THE harp that once through Tara's halls

The Soul of Music shed.

Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls

As if that soul were fled.

So sleeps the pride of former days,

So glory's thrill is o'er,

And hearts that once beat high for praise
 Now feel that pulse no more,
 No more to chiefs and ladies bright
 The harp of Tara swells,
 The chord, alone, that breaks at right
 Its tale of ruin tells
 So Freedom now so seldom wakes,
 The only throb she gives
 Is when some heart indignant breaks
 'To show that still she lives.

T. MOORE.

IN DEATH'S TERRIFIC ICY ARMS.

In death's terrific icy arms
 The brave illustrious Nelson lies ;
 He's free from care and war's alarms.
 Sees not our tears, nor hears our cries.
 Cold is his heart where valour reign'd,
 Mute is the tongue that joy inspired,
 Still is the arm that victory gain'd,
 And dim the eye that glory fired.
 Too mean for him a world like this,
 He's landed on that happy shore,
 Where all the brave partake of bliss,
 And heroes meet to part no more.

HON. C. J. FOX

SINCE THE FIRST DAWN.

SINCE the first dawn of reason that beam'd on
 my mind,
 And taught me how favour'd by fortune my lot,
 To share that good fortune I still was inclined,
 And impart to who wan what I wanted not,

'Tis a maxim entitled to every one's praise,
When a man feels distress, like a man to re-
lieve him,

And my motto, though simple, means more
than it says,

May we ne'er want a friend, nor a bottle to
give him

The heart by deceit or ingratitude rent,
Or by poverty bow'd, though of evils the
last,

The smile of a friend may invite to content,
And we all know content is an excellent
feast.

'Tis a maxim entitled to every one's praise
When a man feels distress, like a man to re-
lieve him,

And my motto, though simple, &c.

DIBDIN

THE FLOWER GIRL.

FORBID it kind heaven that my parent should
sigh,

While I can sell flowers in the street ;
My poor little sisters too surely would die,
Did I cease to procure them some meat,
Then buy my sweet flowers, and shield us
from sorrow

What I earn to-day we must live on to-morrow
Ah, had not my father been killed in the war,
And left us both friendless and poor,
I should not thus wander with flowers so far,
And cry them at every door,

Then buy my sweet flowers, &c.

My mother, alas, since my father is dead,

Is almost deprived of her sight,
 And I for my sister and her to get bread
 Cull flowers as soon as 'tis light,
 Then buy my sweet flowers, &c.

WHEN LOVELY WOMAN

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
 And finds too late that men betray,
 What charm can soothe her melancholy ?
 What art can wash her guilt away ?
 The only way her guilt to cover,
 To hide her shame from every eye,
 To give repentance to her lover,
 And wring his bosom is—to die.

GOLDSMITH.

DIOGENES, SURLY AND PROUD.

DIOGENES, surly and proud,
 Who snarl'd at the Macedon youth,
 Delighted in wine that was good,
 Because in good wine there was truth ?
 But growing as poor as a Job,
 Unable to purchase a flask,
 He chose for his mansion a tub,
 And lived by the scent of the cask.

Heraclitus ne'er would deny
 A bumper to cherish his heart ;
 And when he was maudlin would cry,
 Because he had emptied his quart.
 Though some are foolish to think
 He wept at men's follies and vice,
 'Twas only his custom to drink
 Till the liquor flowed out of his eyes.

Democritus always was glad
To tipple and cherish the soul ;
Would laugh like a man that was mad,
When over a good flowing bowl.
As long as his cellar was stored,
The liquor he'd merrily quaff ;
And when he was drunk as a lord,
At them that were sober he'd laugh.

Wise Solon, who carefully gave
Good laws to Athens of old,
And thought the rich Cræsus a slave,
Though a king, to his coffers of gold.
He delighted in plentiful bowls ;
But drinking, much talk would decline,
Because it was the custom of fools
To prattle much over their wine.

Old Socrates ne'er was content
Till a bottle had heightened his joys,
Who in cups to the oracle went,
Or he ne'er had been counted so wise.
Late hours he most certainly loved ;
Made wine the delight of his life ;
Or Xantippe would never have proved
Such a damnable scold of a wife.

Grave Seneca, fam'd for his parts,
Who tortur'd the bully of Rome,
Grew wise o'er his cups and his quarts,
Which he drank like a miser at home ;
And to show that he lov'd wine that was good,
(To the last we may truly aver it,)
He tintured his bath with his blood,
So fancied he died in his claret.

Pythagoras did silence enjoin
On his pupils who wisdom would seek,

Because that he tippled the wine,
Till himself was unable to speak :
And when he was whimsical grown,
With sipping his plentiful bowls,
By the strength of the juice in his crown,
He conceiv'd the transmigration of souls.

Copernicus too, like the rest,
Believ'd there was wisdom in wine,
And thought that a cup of the best
Made reason the brighter to shine ;
With wine he replenish'd his veins,
And made his philosophy reel ;
Then fancied the world, like his brains
Turn'd round like a chariot wheel.

Aristotle, the master of arts,
Had been but a dunce without wine,
And what we ascribo to his parts
Is due to the juice of the vine.
His belly, as most writers agree,
Was big as a watering trough ;
He therefore leapt into the sea,
Because he'd have liquor enough.

Old Plato was reckon'd divine,
He fondly to wisdom was prone ;
But had it not been for good wine,
His merits had never been known.
By wine we are generous made,
It furnishes fancy with wings ;
Without it we ne'er should have had
Philosophers, poets, or kinks.

SWEET SEDUCER.

SWEET seducer, blandly smiling,
Charming still, and still beguiling,

Oh I swore to love thee never,
 Yet I love thee more than ever.
 Why that little wanton blushing,
 Glancing eye, and bosom flushing,
 Flushing warm, and wily glancing.
 All is lovely, all entrancing !
 Turn away those lips of bliss,
 I am poison'd by thy kisses,
 Yet again, ah ! turn them to me,
 Ruin's sweet when they undo me !
 Oh ! be less and less enchanting
 Let some little grace be wanting ;
 Let my eyes when I'm expiring,
 Gaze a while without admiring.

T. MOORE.

OLD MARY, HER POOR HUSBAND

OLD Mary, her poor husband dead.
 And buried but a week ;
 Tir'd of her fate, with hobbling gait,
 The parson went to seek.
 " I'll tell you, sir," says she, " the truth,
 My poor man's dead and gone
 Our servant John's a comly youth,—
 Ought I to marry John ?"
 The parson cried, who quickly ~~came~~
 She'd not his counsel hear,
 " The proverb tells you what to do,
 This knotty point to clear.
 " As the fool thinks,
 So the bell tinks ;
 So when the bell shall ring anon.

Take care you don't mistake the sound :
They'll tell you, as the peal goes round,
If you should marry John.

Now Mary listens to each bell.

" Hey ! that's a knell that toll'd ;
'Tis not for me, thank Heaven ! well, well,
I'm not yet quite so old.

" But of a burying should you think,
They say a wedding's near
I hope the bells will sweetly tink,
That I should wed my dear."

At length the ringers raise her hopes,
And all her senses charm :
And as they singly pull the ropes,
Her aged blood gets warm ;

But as the fool thinks,
So the bell tinks ;
And now the sprightly peal comes on.
While Mary, as they tug away,
Cries, " Lovely bells, how plain they say
' Do Mary, marry John.' "

Now at both ends the candle's burn'd,
She's beggar'd to a souse ;
Each thing is topsyturvy turn'd,
Out of the window goes the house.

" I cannot this distress survive ;
What scandal and disgrace !
Would my first husband were alive,
Or I were in his place.

" A curse upon the fatal day
I listen'd to the bells,
That took my reason quite away.

Just like so many spells ;

“ But as the fool thinks,

So the bell tink ;

Why what must I be thinking on,

To fancy as they rang away,

The bells so stupid were to say

That I should marry John ?”

Straight to the parson Mary goes,

And thickly lays it on ;

“ You are the cause of all my woes ;

You married me to John.”

“ Nay, nay, to lay the blame on me,

Good Mary is unkind •

I never yet advis'd the sea,

A woman, or the wind.

“ Hark, hark, the bells are ringing now

They sound with might and main ;

I what they say can hear—Canst thou .”

I hear 'em, sir, too plain.

” But as the fool thinks,

So the bell tink ,

But folly 'twas that sat me on,

Intent upon my foolish freak ;

They cry, as plain as they can speak,

‘ Don't Mary, marry John,’ ”

THAT MAN WHO, FOR LIFE.

THAT man who for life, bless'd in a wife,

Is sure in a happy condition : [still •

Go things how they will, she sticks by him

She's comforter, friend, and physician.

Pray where is the joy to trifle and toy,

Yet dread some disaster from beauty ?
 But sweet is the bliss of a conjugal kiss,
 Where love mingles pleasure with duty.
 One extravagant whore will cost a man more
 Than twenty good wives that are saving ;
 For wives they will spare, that their children
 may share ;
 But jades are eternally craving.



THE MAN WHO, FOR LIFE.

THE man who, for life. is plagued with a
 wife
 Is sure in a wretched condition ;
 Go things how they will, she sticks by him
 still,
 And death is his only physician.

To trifle and toy is all the man's joy .
 Incited by love or by beauty ;
 But where is the bliss of a conjugal kiss,
 When passion is prompted by duty ?
 So the dog who possess'd a bone of the best
 May lick it, or leave at pleasure ;
 But if to his tail it is tied, without fail,
 He is harass'd and plagued beyond mea-
 sure.



GOOD PEOPLE, ATTEND.

Good people, attend to my lay ,
 I sing of a late inundation,
 That like to have carried away
 All the wigs and long robes in the nation ;
 While thinking of no harm at all
 But a few wretched people's undoing,
 Father Thames enter'd Westminster Hall,

'Threatening all law and justice with ruin,
But let not their terrors these lawyers con-
found ;
The old proverb decrees they can never be
drown'd.

Of the fright universal it spread
Conception can ne'er form a notion ;
Wigs bristled upright on each head,
And counsellors stood without motion :
The tide that for no man will stay.
While the clamour grew louder and louder,
From every tiwig wash'd away
Common senses, with the curls and the pow-
der ;
But why thus should water these lawyers con-
found,
When the proverb decrees they can never be
drown'd ?

Cries one, they're found out in their
tricks,
No wonder they put such despair on ;
They fancy the Thames is the Styx,
And each old crazy waterman Charon :
That they'll soon before Minos be brought,
Where nought avails twisting and turning,
And where they'll in this case be taught
That drowning's an alias for burning ;
Yet at no rate should water these lawyers con-
found ;
They may burn, to be sure, but they cannot be
drown'd.

And now, by the current press'd hard,
Each scrambles to enter some boat in,
While scatter'd all o'er Palace Yard,

Wigs, briefs, and long robes are seen float-
 ing,
 In this chaos of justice, thieves, clerks,
 Jews, counsel, the boats are all trimm'd ;
 While a sailor cries, Dam'me these sharks
 Are your finest of fishes for swimming ;
 Then why should their terrors to see lawyers
 confound,
 When whatever awaits them, they cannot be
 drown'd ?

At length, safe arrived from the storm,
 Without fate or fortune once thanking,
 They swore that the city, next term,
 They'd endite, for the Thames not embank-
 ing ;
 That the wind that blew nobody good
 Was an ill one—thus parted these brothers ;
 And themselves scarce escap'd from the
 flood.
 Went home to brew mischief for others
 And furnish a laugh for the public all round,
 That they should fear water who cannot be
 drown'd.

DIBDIN

I SAW THE VIRTUOUS MAN.

From Camoens.

I saw the virtuous man contend
 With life's unnumber'd woes ;
 And he was poor—without a friend,
 Press'd by a thousand foes,
 I saw the passion's pliant slave,
 In gallant time and gny :

His course was pleasure's placid wave,
His life a summer's day.

And I was caught in folly's snare,
And join'd her giddy train—
But found her soon the nurse of care
And punishment, and pain.

There surely is some guiding care,
Which rightly suffers wrong,
Gives vice to bloom its little hour
But virtue late and long.

LORD STRANGFORD.

THE MAD DOG.

HE ran to the farm yard, and there bit a hog
That in less than ten minutes bark'd just like
a dog;
The hog bit a horse that was just come from
hunting,
And presently after the horse fell a grunting ,
Such grunting and barking, and barking and
grunting,
The village will never have done with the talk
on't,
Though the wisest man there cannot make hog
or dog on't.
A fine brindle cow near a hay-stack was
straying,
Which, bit by the horse, was soon after heard
neighing ;
The cow bit a man, who was driving his plough
When he walk'd on all fours, and low'd just
like the cow,

Such lowing and neighing, and barking and
lowing,

And grunting and barking, and neighing and
lowing,

The village will never have done with the talk
on't

Though the wisest man there cannot make hog
or dog on't.

The man bit a jackass, which soon after ran
Half a mile on two legs, and talk'd just like
the man ;

The jackass encounter'd a sheep in his way,
And 'tis not to be mention'd how loud he did
bray,

Such braying and talking, and talking and
braying,

And barking and grunting, and lowing and
neighing,

The village will never have done with the talk
on't,

Though the wisest man there cannot make hog
or dog on't.

The sheep bit a wolf which was soon heard to
bleat :

The wolf more dumb things than I've time to
repeat ;

But the worst that was bit was, alas ! my poor
wench !

Heaven keep us, I say, from mad dogs and the
French !

Such bleating and talking, and barking, and
braying,

And grunting, and bleating, and lowing, and
neighing,

The village will never have done with the talk
on't,

Though the wisest man there cannot make
hog or dog on't.

DIBDIN.

TOM TACKLE WAS NOBLE.

Tom Tackle was noble, was true to his word,
If merit brought titles, Tom might be a lord,
How gayly his bark through Life's ocean
would sail,

Truth furnish'd the rigging, and Honour the
gale,

Yet Tom had a sailing, if ever man had,
That good as he was, made him all that was
had ;

He was paltry and pitiful, scurvy and mean,
And the snivelingest scoundrel that ever was
seen ;

For so said the girls, and the landlords 'long
shore ;

Would you know what his fault was——Tom
Tackle was poor !

'Twas once on a time, when we took a galleon
And the crew touch'd the agent for cash to
some tune,

Tom a trip took to goal, an old messmate to
free,

And four thankful prattlers soon sat on his knee
Then Tom was an angel, downright from
heav'n sent !

While they'd hands he his goodness should ne
ver repent ;—

Returned from next voyage, he bemoan'd his
sad case,

To find his dear friend shut the door in his
face .

Why, d'ye wonder ? cried one, you're serv'g
right to be sure ;
Once Tom 'Tackle was rich—now Tom Tac-
kie is poor !

I be'nt, you see, versed in high maxims and
sich
But don't the honour concern poor and rich !
If it don't come from good hearts, da'me 'twas
Tom
Yet some how or another Tom never did right,
None knew better the time when to spare or
to fight ;
He, by finding a leak, once preserv'd crew and
ship,
Sav'd the Commodore's Life—then he made
such rare flip !
And yet for all this no one Tom could endure,
I fancies how t'was—because he was poor.

At last an old Shipmate, that Tom might hail
land,
Who saw that his heart sail'd too fast for his
hand,
In the riding of Comfort a mooring to find,
Reef'd the sails of Tom's fortune, that shook
in the wind ;
He gave him enough through Life's ocean to
steer,
Be the breeze what it might, steady, thus, or
no near ;
His pittance is daily, and yet Tom imparts
What he can to his friends—And may all ho-
nest hearts.

Like Tom Tackle, have what keeps the wolf
 from the door ;
 Just enough to be generous—to much to be—
 poor

DIBDIN.

OLD TOWLER.

BRIGHT chanticleer proclaims the dawn,

And spangles neck the thorn ;

The lowing herds now quit the lawn,

The lark springs from the corn,

Dogs, huntsmen, round the window throng

Fleet Towler leads the cry ;

Arise, the burden of their song—

'This day a stag must die !

With a hey ho, chivey ?

Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy, &c.

The cordial takes its merry round,

The laugh and joke prevail ;

The huntsman blows a jovial sound,

The dogs snuff up the gale ;

The upland winds they sweep along,

O'er fields, through brakes they fly ;

The game is rous'd, too true the song—

This day a stag must die !

With a hey, ho, &c.

Poor stag ! the dogs thy haunches gore,

The tears run down thy face ;

The huntaman's pleasure is no more :

His joys were in the chase ;

Alike the sportsman in the town,

The virgin game in view,

Are full content to run them down,

They then in turn pursue.

With a hey, ho, &c.

O'KEEFE

HONEST TOM.

THE wind was hush'd, the fleecy wave
Scarcely vessel's could leave,
When in the mizen-top his stand
Tom Cluline taking; espied the land,
Oh sweet reward for all his toil !
Once more he views his native soil,
Once more he thanks indulgent fate,
That brings him to his bonny Kate

Soft as the sighs of Zephyr flower,
Tender and plaintive as her wo,
Serene was the attentive eye,
That heard Tom's Bonny Kitty grieve,
" Oh, what," cried she, " my pain ?
He's swallow'd in the greedy main ;
Ah, never shall I welcome home,
With tender joy, my honest Tom !"

Now high upon the faithful shroud,
The land awhile that seem'd a cloud,
While objects from the mist arise,
A feast present Tom's longing eyes.
A riband, near his heart which lay
Now see him on his hat display,
The given sign to shew that fate
Had brought him safe to bonny Kate.

Near to a cliff whose heights command
A prospect of the shelly strand,
While Kitty fate and fortune blam'd,
Sudden with rapture she exclaim'd,
" But see, oh Heaven ! a ship in view,
My Tom appears among the crew :
The pledge he swore to bring safe home
Streams in his hat—'tis honest Tom !"

What now remains were easy told ,

TOM TAMES, his pockets lined with gold,
 Now rich enough no more to roam,
 To serve his king, he stays at home :
 Recounts each toil, and shows each scar :
 While Kitty and her constant tar,
 With reverence teach to bless their fates
 Young honest Toms and bonny Kates.

DIEDIN.

**O NANCY, WILT THOU GO
 WITH ME.**

O NANCY, wilt thou go with me.

Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town ?
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,
 The lowly cot and russet gown ?
 No longer dress'd in silken sheen,
 No longer deck'd with jewels rare
 Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert the fairest of the fair ?

O Nancy ! when thou'rt far away,
 Wilt thou cast a wish behind ?
 Say canst thou face the parching ray,
 Nor shrink before the wintry wind ?
 O can that soft and gentle mien
 Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
 Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
 Were thou wert fairest of the fair ?

O Nancy, canst thou love so true
 Through perils keen with me to go,
 Or, when the swain mishap shall rue,
 To share the pang of wo ?
 Say, should disease or pain befall,
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
 Nor wistful those gay scenes recall
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

And when at last, thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
 And wilt thou o'er my breathless clay
 Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear;
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

PERCY.

SAY, FLUTTERING HEART.

Say fluttering heart,
 Why, after days of sweet delight,
 Where conscious innocence bore part.
 Serene as smiling morn, peaceful as silver
 night,
 Or gay as gaudy noon, when Phœbus' beam
 shone bright;
 Say, how one hour,
 One little instant could remove
 The vacant careless joy? what power
 Inflict the torments we now prove;
 Cynthia forbid it ever should be love.

Dear goddess, for fair honour's sake,
 Relieve the torments we partake!
 'Teach us to cure our amorous fires,
 Or else permit us our desires.

And this with zealous care perform,
 Swift as the wind that rules the storm;
 Swift as the glowing god of day
 Darts from afar a downward ray:
 And so shall votaries to their praise
 A thousand, thousand altars raise. **DIBBIS**

NOBLE BETTY.

O LET us swim in blood of grapes,
The riches of the city,
And solemnize upon our knees,
A health to noble Betty.

The muses, with the milk of queens,
Have fed this comely creature,
That she's become a princely dame,
A miracle of nature.

The graces all, both great and small,
Were not by half so pretty ;
The queen of love, that reigns above,
Could not compare with Betty.

Had David seen this lovely one,
No sin he had committed,
He had not lain with Bethsheba,
Nor slain the valiant Hittite.

Had Solomon, Heaven's minion,
View'd her perfections over,
The Sheba's queen rejected had been,
Though clad with gold of Ophir.

The Dons of Spain, could they obtain
This magazine of pleasure,
They'd never go to Mexico,
For its Indian treasure.

The Christian king would dance and sing
To have her at his pleasure ;
And would confine great mazarins
Within the banks of Tiber.

The Turk, for all his great empire,
Would prostrate him before her ,

He would lay down his golden crown,
And goddess-like adore her.

Her eyes are full of majesty,
None but a prince can own her ;
She's fitted for an emperor,
A diadem must crown her.

SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot
Though they return'd with scars,
These are the noble hero's lot.
Obtain'd in glorious wars :
Welcome, my Varo, to my breast
Thy arms about me twine ;
And make me once again as bless'd
As I was lang syne.

Methinks around us, on each bough,
A thousand Cupids play ;
Whilst through the groves I walk with you,
Each object makes me gay :
Since your return the sun and moon
With brighter beams do shine.
Streams murmur softly while they run,
As they did lang syne.

Despise the court and din of state ;
Let that to their share fall,
Who can esteem their slavery great,
While bounded like a ball .
But sunk in love, upon my arms
Let your brave head recline ;
We'll please ourselves with mutual charms,
As we did lang syne.

O'er moor and dale, with your gay friend,
 You may pursue the chase
 And, after a blithe bottle, end
 All cares in my embrace:
 And, in a vacant rainy day
 You shall be wholly mine :
 We'll make the hours run smooth away,
 And, laugh at lang syne,

The hero, pleased with the sweet air
 And signs of generous love,
 Which had been utter'd by the fair,
 Bow'd to the powers above :
 Next day, with glad consent and haste,
 They 'proach'd the sacred shrine
 Where the good priest the couple bless'd,
 And put them out of time.

LOONEY MACTWOLTER.

O, WHACK ! Cupid's a mannikin ;
 Smack on my heart he hit me a polter,
 Good lack, Judy O'Flannikin ?
 Dearly she loves nate Looney Mactwolter.

Judy's my darling, my kisses she suffers,
 She's an heiress that's clear,
 For her father sells beer :
 He keeps the sign of the cow and the snuffe :
 She's so smart
 From my heart
 I cannot bolt her,
 Oh, whack, Judy O'Flannikin !
 She is the girl for Loony Mactwolter ;
 Oh, Whack, &c

Oh, home . good news, i need a bit !

We'd correspond, but learning would choke
her.

Mavrone !—I cannot read a bit ;

Judy can't tell a pen from a poker

Judy's so constant, I'll never forsake her ;

She's true as the moon ;—

Only one afternoon

I caught her asleep with a humpback shoemaker,
ker,

Oh, she's smart, &c.

COLMAN

WITH AN HONEST OLD FRIEND.

WITH an honest old friend, and a merry old
song,

And flask of old port, let me sit the night long.

And laugh at the malice of those who repine,

That they must swig porter, whilst I can drink
wine.

I envy no mortal, though ever so great,

Nor scorn I a wretch for his lowly estate :

But what I abhor, they esteem as a curse,

Is poorness of spirit, not poorness in purse.

Then dare to be generous, dauntless, and gay,

Let's merrily pass life's remainder away ;

Upheld by our friends, we our foes may des-
pise,

For the more we are envied the higher we rise

H. CARRY.

TOM BOWLING.

Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,
 The darling of our crew,
 No more he'd hear the tempest howling,
 For death has broach'd him too.
 His form was of the manliest beauty,
 His heart was kind and soft,
 Faithful below he did his duty
 But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
 His virtues were so rare,
 His friends were many and kind-hearted.
 His Poll was good and true.
 And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly
 Ah, many's the time and oft!
 But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
 For Tom has gone aloft.

et shall poor Tom find pleasant weather
 When he who all commands,
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,
 The word to pipe all hands.
 Thus death, who kings and tars despatches,
 In vain Tom's life has doff'd,
 For, though his body's under hatches
 His soul is gone aloft.

**WHAT IS GLORY.**

What is glory? What is fame?
 That a shadow, this a name,
 Restless mortals to deceive.

Are they renown'd, can they be great,
 Who hurl their fellow-creatures' fate,
 That mothers' children, wives, may grieve?
 Ask smiling honor to proclaim,
 What is glory? what is fame?
 Hark! the glad mandate strikes the listening
 ear;

 " The truest glory to the bosom dear
 Is when the soul starts soft compassion's tear

What are riches, pomp and power?
 Gewgaws that endure their hour,
 Wretched mortals to allure.
 Can greatness reach the idly vain,
 Indulging in the princely fane,
 Deaf to the miseries of the poor?
 Ask smiling reason to proclaim,
 What is glory? what is fame?
 Hark! the sweet mandate strikes the listening
 ear,

 " The truest glory to the bosom dear
 Is when the soul starts soft compassion's tear.



YOU MEANER BEAUTIES.

You meaner beauties of the night
 That poorly satisfy our eyes,
 More by your number than your light,
 You common people of the skies,
 What are you when the moon shall rise?

Ye violets that first appear,
 By your pure purple mantles known,

Like the virgins of the years,
 As if the spring were all your own ;
 What are you when the rose is blown !

Ye curious chanters of the wood,
 That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
 Thinking your passions understood
 By your weak accents : what's your praise,
 When Philomell her voice shall raise !

So when my mistress shall be seen
 In sweetnesse of her looks and minde,
 By virtue first, then choyce a queen ;
 Tell me, if she was not design'd
 The eclypse and glory of her kind ?

Sir H. Woolton.

MEG OF WAPPING.

'Twas Landlady Meg, that made such rare flip
 Pull away, pull away, hearties !
 At Wapping she lived, at the sign of the ship,
 Where tars meet in such jolly parties,
 She'd shine at the play, and she'd jig at the ball
 All rigg'd out so gay and so topping ; [all,
 For she married six husbands, and buried them
 Pull away, pull away, pull away,
 I say.

What d'ye think of my Meg of Wapping ?

The first was Old Bluff, with a swinging large
 purse ;

Pull away, pull away, jolly boys !

He was cast away ;— said Meg, who cares a
 curse !

As for grieving, why Lord, that's a folly, boys
 The second in command was blear eyed Ned,
 While the surgeon his limb was a lopping,
 A nine-pounder, came, and smack went his
 head,

Pull away, pull away, pull away,

I say,

Rare news for my Meg of Wapping !

'Then she married to Sam, and Sam loved a
 sup,

Pull away, pull away, brother !

So groggy Sam got, and the ship blew up,

And Meg had to look for another.

The fourth was bold Ben, who at danger would
 smile,

Till his courage a crocodile stopping,

Made his breakfast on ben, on the banks of the
 Nile,

Pull away, pull away, pull away,

I say,

What a fortunate Meg of Wapping.

Stay, who was the fifth ? Oh 'twas Dick so
 neat,

Pull away, pull away, so merry .

And the savages Dick both kill'd and eat,

And poor Meg she was forced to take Jerry.

Death again stood her friend ; for, kill'd in a
 fray,

He also the grave chanced to pop in ;

So now with my song I shall soon belay,

Pull away, pull away, pull away,

Belay

'The six husbands of Meg of Wapping.

And I did not tell you how that she married ~~so~~
 en

Pull away, pull away, so neatly !
Twas honest Tom Trip, and he sent her to
 heaven,
And her strong box rummaged sweetly ;
For Meg, growing old a fond dotard proved,
And must after a boy needs be hopping ;
So she popp'd off—and Tom, with the girl that
 he loved,
Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say,
Spent the shiners of Ned of Wapping.

WHAT IS LOVE.

What is love ? an idle passion ;
Sage advisers call it so :
Can I treat it in their fashion ?
Honest nature answers, no !

Wise ones, cease ; in vain your preaching ;
Age has turn'd your hearts to snow ,
Can I profit by your teaching ?
Honest nature answers, No.

TREE OF LIBERTY.

When Freedom knew not where to rove,
From conquer'd Greece and groaning Rome
At random driven like Noah's dove,
Without a shelter or a home ;
The expanded world she view'd, where best

She might repose her weary foot,
Now this our isle, set up her rest,
And bade the spreading oak take root;
Bade it adorn the land, and be,
Fair England's Tree of Liberty.

Thus spoke the goddess;—This fair Tree,
The towering forest's kingly boast,
Let my behests kept sacred be.

This tree shall guard your sea-girt coast
Freedom's behests are these;—To know
No faction, no cabal, no cause,
From whose pestiferous breath may grow
Aught 'gainst the monarch or the laws.
Keep sacred these, the oak shall be
Fair England's Tree of Liberty.

Its friendly arms that, on their way,
Those succor who its aid employ,
A faithful portrait shall display
Of England's hospitable shore
Of England's courage, this fair tree,
A great example to impart,
To succor law and liberty,
Shall make a rampart of its heart;
Hail, sacred oak! then deign to be,
Fair England's Tree of liberty.

Then catch the enthusiastic strain,
Hail, freedom's tree in fervent hymns,
That freely, on the awful main,
Launches in Britain's cause its limbs;
That mighty walls and bulwarks forms,
Whence England's thunder shall be hurl'd,
And, spite of battles and of storms,

What bears our commerce through the world.
Hail, freedom's shrine ! still deign to be
Fair England's Tree of Liberty.

A CLERK I WAS.

A clerk I was in London gay,
Jemmy linkum feedle,
And went in boots to see the play,
Merry fiddlem tweedle.
I march'd the lobby, twirl'd my stick,
Diddle, daddle, deedle ;
The girls all cried, He's quite the kick
O, Jemmy linkum feedle.

Hey, for America I sail,
Yankee doodle, deedle.
The sailor boys cried, Smoke his tail !
Jemmy linkum feedle.
On English belles I turned my baek,
Diddle, daddle, deedle,
And got a fair quite black,
Oh, twaddle, twaddle, tweedle !

Your London girls, with roguish trip,
Wheedle, wheedle, wheedle,
Boast their pouting under lip
Fiddle, faddle, feedle.
My Wows would beat an hundred such
Diddle, daddle, deedle,
Whose under lip pouts twice as much,
Oh, pretty double, wheedle !

Rings I'll buy to deck her toes,
Jemmy linkum feedle ;

A feather fine shall grace her nose,
 Waving sidle, seedle,
 With jealonsy I ne er shall burst,
 Who'd steal my bone of bone-e?
 A white Othello, I can trust
 A dingy Desdemona.



CAPTAIN WATTLE.

Did you ever hear of Captain Wattle?
 He was all for love and a little for the bottle.
 We know not, though pains we've taken to in-
 quire
 If gunpowder he invented, or the Thames set
 on fire,
 If to him was the centre of gravity known,
 The longitude, or the philosopher's stone,
 Or whether he studied from Bacon or Boyle,
 Copernicus, Locke, Katerfelto, or Hoyle:
 But this we have learned great labor and pain,
 That he loved Miss Roe, and she loved him
 again.

Than sweet Miss Roe, none ever looked fier-
 cer,
 She had but one eye, but that was a piercer
 We know not for certainty, her education,
 If she wrote, mended stockings, or settled the
 nation,
 At cards if she liked whist, and swabbers or
 voles,
 Or at dinner loved pig, or steak on the coals,
 Whether most of the Sappho she was or Tha-
 lestris;

Or if dancing was taught her by Hopkins or
Nestris;
But, for your satisfaction this good news we've
obtained,
That she loved captain Wattle, and he loved
her again.
When wedded, he became lord and master de
pend on't,
He had but one leg, but he'd a foot at the end
on't,
Which, of government when she would fain
hold the bridle,
He took special caution should never lie idle.
So, like most married folks 'twas my plague
and my chicken,
And sometimes a kissing and sometimes a
kicking;
Then for comfort a cordial she'd now and then
try,
Alternately bunging or piping her eye.
And these facts of this couple the history con-
tain,
For when he kick'd Miss Roe she kick'd him
again.

A SAILOR'S LIFE.

The wind blew hard, the sea ran high,
The dingy scud drove 'cross the sky,
A l was safe lash'd, the bowl was slung,
When careless thus Ned Hanlyard sung
A sailor's life's the life for me,
He takes his duty merrily;
If winds can whistle, he can sing,
Still faithful to his friend and king;

He gets beloved by all the ship,
 And toasts his girl and drinks his flip,
 Down topsails, boys, the gale comes on,
 To strike top gallant yards they run,
 And now to hand the sail prepared,
 Ned cheerful sings upon the yard,
A sailor's life, &c.

A leak! a leak! come lads, be bold,
 There's five feet water in the hold.
 Eager on deck see haulyard jump,
 And hark, while working at the pump;
A sailor's life, &c.

And see! the vessel nought can save,
 She strikes, and finds a watery grave.
 Yet ned preserved, with a few more,
 Sings, as he treads a foreign shore,
A sailor's life, &c.

And now unnumbered perils past,
 On land as well as sea—at last,
 In tatters to his Poll at home,
 See honest Haulyard singing come,
A sailor's life, &c.

Yet for poor Haulyard what disgrace,
 Poll swears she never saw his face!
 He damns her for a faithless she,
 And singing goes again to sea.



KNOWING JOEY.

I was call'd knowing Joey, by the lads of our
 town,

Old dad taught me wisely to know folk ;
Gad ! I was so cute, when they laughing came
down,

I ax'd, how d'ye do, to the show folk.

Says, How d'ye do ? to the players. [In recitative.

I could chant a good stave—that I knows very
well,

No boy of my age could talk louder.

Crack a joke, tip the wink, or a droll story
tell.

Of my cleverness sure none were prouder ;
So thinks I, it's better nor following of plough

To try with these youths to queer low folk.

Their master I met, and i made a low bow—

Spoken.) “ How d'ye do, zir ? I been main
happy to see you down in our parts. We shall
be prime merry now you be comed. Have
some notion of turr ing stage actor myself.”—
“ Stage actor ! you ! you muffin-faced son of a
tee-to-tum ! ” said he, “ you could play nothing
but a fool.” “ I don't know but what I mout,”
said I, “ for I have been trying it all my life-
time.”

I'd a place just to join wi' the show folk,
The place that I got I determined to keep,

But, adzookers ! they were all so drollish,
Kings, cobblers, and tailors, a prince or a
sweep,

And they jaw'd so at I, I looked foolish,
Their daggers and swords they handled so
cute,

And their ladies were all so bewitching,
When I thought to talk droll, I was **always**
struck mute

As t' bacon rack that hangs in our kitchen
 They ax'd me to say, as how coach was at the
 door,
 While we were seated above and below
 folk—

Spoken.) As I was going on the stage to say
 ' Ma'am the coach is at the door,' I heard my
 old dadd'y's voice in the gallery; " Ah! sir-
 rah! what right had you to turn stage-player,
 and disgrace your family in the manner you
 have done?" For you must know that my fa-
 ther was a great man—dam'nie if he was'nt
 the principal chimney-sweeper in our parts.

Thus I swooned away 'mong the show folk.
 They laughed so, and jeered me as never was
 seen,

All manner of tricks they were playing :
 One night I was sent to wait a-top of a queen,
 Not thinking the plan they were laying—

Spoken.) I know'd she was a queen, be-
 cause how they called her Queen Hamlet of
 Dunkirk, and she had a lot of shining dia-
 monds a-top of her head, like half moons.

Not thinking the plan they were laying--
 My lady she died on a chair next her 'spouse,
 While with pins me behind they were
 pricking.

Spoken.) " Why don't you be easy?" said
 I; " don't you see I'm before the gentleman
 and ladies, playing my part? and be d——d
 to you." All at once her grace ———

Alive she was soon, ay, and kicking.
 The people all laugh'd at and hooted poor I,
 And the comical Dogs did me so joke,
 That I made but one step, without bidding
 good bye.

Spoken.) From the stage door [I never looked behind me.] I tumbled over a barrel of thunder—knocked down a hail storm—spoiled a span new moon—set fire to the sun—dashed like a devil through the infernal regions—bolted into Bill Bull's ship, the Ivy House, lying near St. Paul's chain,

And so bid adieu to the show folk.

A HIGHLAND LADDIE.

A Highland laddie heard of war,
 Which set his heart in motion ;
 He heard the distant cannon's roar,
 He saw the smiling ocean ;
 Come weal, come wo,
 To sea he'd go,
 And left one morning early
 Luch Lomond ben,
 And the willow glen,
 And Jean that loved him dearly.

He wandered east, he wandered south,
 But joy he could not find it ;
 But he found out this wholesome truth,
 And had the sense to mind it ;
 Of a' the earth,
 The bonny north,

To cherish late and early ?
 Loch Lomond ben,
 And the willow glen.
 And Jean that loved him dearly.

HARK, THE LARK.

Hark ! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,
 And Phoebus 'gins to rise,
 His steeds to water at those springs,
 On chalice'd flowers that lies

And winking Maribuds begin
 To ope their golden eyes ,
 With every that pretty bioen,
 My lady sweet, arise

MARY, I BELIEVED THEE.

Mary, I believed thee true,
 And I was bless'd in thus believing,
 But now I mourn that e'er I knew
 A girl so fair and so deceiving.
 Few have ever loved like me,
 O I have loved thee too sincerely ;
 And few have e'er deceiv'd like thee,
 Alas ! deceiv'd me too severely,
 Fare thee well.

Fare thee well, yet think awhile
 On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee,
 Who now would rather trust that smile,

And die with thee than live without thee
Fare thee well, I'll think of thee,
Thou leavest me many a bitter token •
For see, distracting woman, see,
My peace is gone, my heart is broken,
Fare thee well.

T. Moore.

ROBIN ADAIR.

What's this dull town to me ?
Robin's not near.
What was't it I wish'd to see ?
What wish'd to hear ?
Where's all the joy and mirth
Made this town a heaven on earth !
Oh ! they're all fled with thee,
Robin Adair.

What made the assembly shine ?
Robin Adair.
What made the ball so fine ?
Robin was there,
What,—when the play was o'er,
What made so sore ?
Oh it was parting with
Robin Adair

But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin Adair.
But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin Adair.
Yet he I loved so well
Still in my heatt shall dwell,

Oh ! I can never forget
Robin Adair

COLLEGE RULES.

Now we're free from College rules,
From common place book reason,
From trifling philogistic schools,
And systems out of season.
Never more shall have defined
If matter thinks or thinks not ;
All the matter we shall find
Is he who drinks or drinks not.

Metaphysically to trace
The mind or soul abstracted ;
Or prove infinity of space
By cause on cause effected.
Better souls we shall become,
By immaterial thinking,
And as to space, we want no room
But room enough to drink in.

" Plenum, vacuum, minus, plus,"
Are learned words and rare too ;
Those terms our tutors may discuss,
And those who please may hear too.
A " plenum in our wine we show,
With " plus" on " plus" behind, sir ;
And when our cash is " minus", low,
A " vacuum" soon we find, sir.

Copernicus, that learned sage,
Dan Tycho's errors proving,

Declares in I can't tell what page,
 'The earth round Sol is moving,
 But which goes round what's that to us,
 Each is perhaps a notion ;
 With earth and sun we'll make no fuss,
 But mind the bottle's motion.

Great Galileo ill was used
 By superstitious fury ,
 The Autipedeans were abused
 By ignoramus jury.
 But foot to foot we dare attest,
 Nor fear a treatment scurvy,
 For when we're drunk *probatum est*,
 We're tumbling topsy turvy.

Newton talk'd of lights and shades,
 And different colors new, sir ;
 Don't let us disturb our heads,
 We will but study two, sir,
 White and red our glasses boast,
 Reflections on refractions ;
 After him we name our toast—
 The centre of attraction.

In that, this is well declaimed,
 By *stratum super stratum*,
 There's mighty magic in its name,
 It is nature's *prostulatum*,
 Wine and nature next to love,
 'Then wisely let us blend'em ;
 First, though, physically prove
 That *non est tempus bibendum*.

WITH MY JUG IN ONE HAND.

With my jug in one hand and my pipe in the
other,

I'll drink to my neighbour and friend,
My cares in a whiff of tobacco I'll smother,
For life I know shortly will end,
While Ceres most kindly refills my brown jug,
With good ale, I will make myself mellow ;
In my wicket chair I will make myself snug,
Like a jolly and true hearted fellow.

I'll never trouble my head with the cares of
the nation,

I've enough of my own for to mind ;
For the cares of this life are but grief and vex
ation,

To death we must all be consigned.
Then we'll laugh, drink, and smoke, and leave
nothing to pay,

But drop, like a pear that is mellow ;
And when cold in my coffin, I'll leave them to
say,

He's gone, what a hearty good fellow .

THE POST OFFICE.

In a post Office bred,
What a life sure I led,
When I handled the thoughts of my betters,
C, it was such a scene,
That our great public inn
Might be called the republic of letters,
'To Northumberland,
And Cumberland.

To Westmoreland,
 And Sunderland,
 To Hartford,
 And Dartford,
 And Bedford,
 And Deptford,
 North, south, east and west,
 To each corner addressed,
 Such a wonderful concentration,
 I might say without brag,
 I could shake in a bag,
 Half the wisdom and wit of the nation.

Spoken.] "Do pray stand away from the windows, or I can't see to give out the letters."
 [A sneaking voice.] "Pray, sir, haven't you got never a von for me—my name's Timothy Twist; I'm a tailor, and it's from my sweet-heart, Miss Dorothy Dumpling." "Yes, here it is, all over grease and sealed with a thimble. Here, John, is your master's letters." [A countryman's voice.] "How much be I to pay?" "Nothing, you fool, don't you see it's frank'd.—", Oh, here's M.P. on it, that means musn't pay suppose." [An Irish voice.] "Is there never a letter for me, pray?" "None at all either to-day or yesterday. "Upon my word, that's verry hard, do you think there will be e'er a one to-morrow?" I really can't say, sir.

So they pour in like hail,
 Till they're off with the mail,
 With a rattle away, dash, dash away.

Some folks write for fun,
 And others to dun

Some blaming and others commending,
 Some letters on love,
 And Others to move,
 Soft friends their hard eash to be lending
 Relations dying,
 Selling, buying,
 Losing, thriving,
 Ships arriving,
 Courting, fighting.
 Wronging, writing,
 Suits at law,
 Cash to draw,
 Dull and gay, cross and kind,
 Such a medley you'd find,
 Each scroll to appear on inspection,
 In writer and theme,
 That our office would seem
 Noah's ark, by the motley collection.

Spoken.] "Bless me, what a number of queer names;—Mr. Lion, Mr. Crow, Mr. Talbot, Miss Partridge, Mr. Herring, Mr. Woodcock, and Monsieur Crenoille." [A French voice] "Ah! dat is for me." Sixpence! dat is to moosh! I will not give you more as trepence happenny; if you will not let me have him for dat, you may keep him," "Your letter, Mr. O'Flannagen is ninepence more." "What for?" "It's a *double letter*,"—"A *double letter*! Will you be after telling me that? Sure a *double letter* is *two letters*, and tnis I have in my fist is but one. O, stop a bit; may be there's another in the belly o' it. What's this? half a Bank note! O, you thieves, I'll have your Post Office taken up for stealing the other half."

So they pour in like hail,
 Till they're off with the mail,
 With a rattle on, dash, eash away.



CHERRY CHEEK'D PATTY

Down in you village I lived so snug,
 They call me Giles the ploughman's boy:
 Through woods and o'er stiles, as I trudge ma-
 ny miles,

I whistle, I whistle, and whoop, gee woo, Jerry
 My work being done, to the lawn there I fly,
 Where the lads and the lasses all look very
 sly

And I ze deeply in love with a girl, it is true,
 And I know, but I know, but I munna tell you
 But I'll whistle, I'll whistle, for of all the girls
 I e'er did see,

O, cherry-cheek'd Patty for me.

Though the squire so great, so happy mayn't
 be,

As poor simple Giles the ploughman's boy;
 No matters of state ever addle my pate,
 But I'll whistle, I'll whistle, and whoop gee
 woo, Jerry.

Now cherry-cheek Patty she lives in a vale,
 Whom I help'd o'er the stile with her milking
 pail,

And Patty has a like notion of me, it is true,
 And I know what I know, but I munna tell
 you,

But I'll whistle, &c.

I'ze able and strong, and willing to work,
 And when the lark rises off trudges I;

The cows up I call' and harness old Ball,
I whistle, I whistle, and whoop, gee woo,
Jerry,
Then I'ze fifty good shillings, my luck has
been such,
And a lad's not to be grinn'd at that's gotten
so much ;
And when that I'm married to Patty so true,
I know what I know but I munna tell you.
But I'll whistle, &c.

SPRIG OF SHILLELAH.

O love is the soul of a nate Irishman,
He loves all the lovely, loves ail that he can,
With his sprig of Shillelah and shamrock so
green ;
His heart is good humor'd, tis honest and
sound,
No malice or hatred is there to be found,
He courts and he marries, he drinks and he
fights,
For love, all for love, for in that he delights,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so
green.

Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook
fair ?

An Irishman all in his glory is there.

With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so
green.

His clothes spick-and-span new, without e'er a
sydck,

A neat Barcelona tied round his neat neck,
He goes to a tent and he spends half a crown
He meets with a friend, and for love knocks
him down

With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock
so green.

At evening returning, as homeward he goes,
His heart soft with whiskey, his head soft with
blows,

From a sprig of shillelah and shamrock
so green :

He meets with his Shelah, who, blushing a
smile,

Cries, Get you gone Pat, yet consents all the
while :

'To the priest soon they go, and nine months
after that,

A fine baby cries, How d'ye do father Pat,
With your sprig of shillelah and shamrock
so green ?

Bless the country, says I, that gave Patrick
his birth,

Bless the land of the oak, and its neighboring
earth,

Where grows the shillelah and shamrock so
green.

May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed, and
the Shannon,

Drub the foe who dares plant on our confines
a cannon,

United and happy at loyalty's shrine

May the rose, leek, and thistle long flourish
and twine.

Round a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so
green,

MISTER PETER SNOOT.

Mister Peter Snout, was invited out,
Heigh ho! fiddle dee dee:
He had but one shirt, and he made a rout,
For his wife that moment had washed it out
While snug in bed lay he.

The dinner was nigh, and the shirt not dry,
Heigh ho! fiddle dee dee!
Oh, dear Mistress Snout, what are you about?
If my shirt is not ready I'm off without,
I'll be damn'd if I don't said he.

They expect me at five, so says the note:
Heigh ho! fiddle dee dee.
A clean cravat I'll tie round my throat,
And up to his chin he buttoned his coat,
It will do very well, said she.

He came to the house and he doff'd his hat;
Heigh ho! fiddle dee dee.
He made a fine bow, and down he sat,
Under his waistcoat he showed his cravat,
Which the ladies all blush'd to see.

The weather was rainy—now mind the gig
Heigh ho! fiddle dee dee!
He couldn't go home, so was forced to pig,
With Parson Botch, a clerical prig—
I shall sleep very well said he.

Parson Botch always changed his shirt at
 night;
 Heigho! fiddle dee dee;
 And Mr. Snout, long before it was light
 Slipped into his shirt, though 'twas short and
 tight,
 And out of the room crept he.

The bedfellows soon at the breakfast met,
 Heigho! fiddle dee dee;
 Parson Botch protested the law he'd get;
 Says Snout, dear Botch, 'tis a folly to fret,
 I appeal to this company.

The ladies all vow'd Mr. Botch was siuning,
 Heigho! fiddle dee dee!
 Said they (with a vast deal of blushing and
 grinning.)
 We all took notice of Mr. Snout's linen,
 So out of the room went he.

THE SAVOYARD BOY.

I come from a land far away,
 My parents to keep me too poor
 To please you I sing and I play,
 Yet a 'iving can scarcely procure.
 About, sad and hungry I go,
 Though smiling, as if 'twere with joy
 Then a trifle in pity bestow,
 To relieve a poor Savoyard boy.

When around me the children I see
 So careless and happy appear,

I sigh while they listen to me,
 And oft while I play drop a tear,
 I cannot help thinking that they
 Can fly to their parents with joy,
 While mine they are far, far away,—
 Then relieve a poor Savoyard boy.



WHEN I WAS A YOUNGER.

When I was a younger, and lived with my
 dad,
 The neighbours all thought me a smart little
 lad;
 My mammy she call'd me a white headed boy
 Because with the girls I liked to toy.
 There was Ciss,
 Priss,
 Letty and Betty,
 And Doll;
 With Meg,
 Peg.
 Jenny and Winney,
 And Moli.

I flatter
 Their clatter,
 So sprightly and gay;
 I rumble 'em—
 Tumble 'em—
 That's my way.

One fine frosty morning, a going to school,
 Young Moggy I met, and she call'd me a fool

Her mouth was my primmer, a lesson I took;
I swore it was pretty, and kissed the book.

But school,

Fool,

Primmer,

Trimmer,

And birch,

And boys for the girls I leave in the lurch,

I flatter, &c.

It's well known I can dance a good jig,
And at cudgels from Robin I won a fat pig;
I can wrestle a fall, and the bar I can fling,
And when o'er the flagon can sweetly sing.

But pig,

Jig,

Wicket,

And Cricket,

I give it up to wrestle with Moggy a fall.

I flatter, &c.

THE SULTAN AND THE WAG

A mighty sultan once for fun

Indulged an inclination,—

'Tis odds by then my story's done

You'll make its application.

A wag he sent for to his court,

Who, each way you can mention,

To furnish whim, and fun, and sport,

Still tortured his invention.

To please this sultan, &c.

'Mongst Folly's sons and daughters too,

With Satire did he wander,

And still attempting something new,
Relying on the candor
Of this mighty sultan, &c.

At length his frolic's at an end.
Cried one, I do not ham you,
But as you merit, my good friend,
He'll either save or damn you.
Will this mighty sultan, &c.

But, for your comfort, he is just,
And easily contented,
Nor to him e'er did any trust,
Who afterwards repented.
You are the sultan who for sue
Indulge an inclination,
I am the wag, my story's done
Now make its application.



FLY NOT YET.

Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour,
When pleasure, like the midnight flower,
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for son of night,
And maids who love the moon;
'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
That beauty and the moon were made;
'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
Set the tides and goblets flowing
Oh! stay! oh! stay!
Joy so seldom weaves a chain

Like this to-night, that, oh ! 'tis pain
To break its links so soon,

Fly not yet ; the fount that play'd,
In times of old, through Ammon's shade
Though icy cold dy day it ran,
Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
To burn when night was near ;
And thus should woman's heart and looks
At noon be cold as winter brooks,
Nor kindle till the night returning
Brings their genial hour of burning.
Oh ! stay,—oh ! stay ;
When did morning ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake
As those that sparkle here ?

T. MOORE.

RED-CROSS KNIGHT.

BLOW warder, blow the sounding horn,
And thy banner wave on high ;
For the Christians have fought in the holy land,
and have won the victory,
Loud the warder blew his horn,
And his banner waved on high :
Let the mass be sung !
And the bells be rung ;
And the feast eat merrily.

The warder look'd from the tower on high,
As far as he could see ;
I see a bold knight, and by his red cross——
He comes from the east country.

Then loud the warder blew his horn,
And called till he was hoarse,

Let the mass be sung, &c.

“ I see a bold knight, and on his shield bright
He beareth a flaming cross.”

Then down the lord of the castle came.

And when the Red-cross Knight he spied,
Right loving he did him greet :

Thou’rt welcome here, dear Red-cross Knight
For thy fame’s well known to me ;

And thy mass shall be sung,

And the bells shall be rung,

And we’ll feast right merrily.



LOVE IN THINE EYES,

LOVE in thine eyes forever plays,
An in thy snowy bosom strays ,
He makes thy rosy lips his care,
And walks the mazes of thy hair ;
Love dwells in every outward part ;
But, ah ! he never touch’d thy heart :
How different is my fate from thine
No outward marks of love are mine.
My brow is clouded by despair ;
And grief, love’s bitter foe, is there ;
But, deep within thy glowing soul,
He rules and reigns without control.



THE SAPLING OAK.

THE sapling oak, lost in the del.,
Where tangled brakes its beauties spoil,

And every infant shock repel,
Droops hopeless o'er the exhausted soil

At length the woodman clears around.

Where'er the noxious thickets spread ;
And high reviving o'er the ground.
The forest's monarch lifts its head.

Sedgwick.

FORGET THEE.

FORGET thee !—in my banquet hall,

Go ask my fellow men ;
Or ask the tear that secret falls,
If I forget thee then.

The midnight hours with song and wine
I ever shared with thee ;
The midnight hours they still are thine
And fatal memory !

Forget thee !—in the mirthful dance,
There steals some eye's bright ray,
Like thine—that makes me with its glance,
Turn swift in tears away.

Go ask my minstrels, when they breathe
The verse the poet's pen
With each Parnassian sweet hath wreath'd,
If I forget thee then ?

Forget thee !—Oh there is but one
Could from my memory chase
Each sweet charm I have gazed upon,
Each softly winning grace
To be the one's, my first, first vow
I pledge with infant breath,
And he comes to demand me now,
Thy rival, love, is death !

Forget thee !—when my funeral urn
 Thy tearful gaze shall meet,
 And censors of aroma burn
 Exhaling at my feet :
 When winds and storms careering sweep
 And own my love's at rest !

Ryan.

SANDY O'ER THE LEE.

I WINNA marry ony mon but Sandy o'er the
 Lee
 But I will ha my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the
 Lee ;
 For he's aye a kissing, kissing, aye a kissing
 me.
 I will not have the minister for all his godly
 looks ;
 Nor yet will I the lawyer have, for all his wily
 crooks
 I will not have the ploughman lad, nor yet will
 I the miller,
 But I will have my Sandy lad, without one
 penny siller ;
 For he's aye a kissing, &c.

I will not have the soldier lad, for he gangs to
 the war ;
 I will not have the sailor lad, because he
 smells of tar :
 I will not have the lord nor laird, for all their
 mickle gear ,

But I will have my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er
the meir,

For he's aye a kissing, &c.

SIGH NOT FOR LOVE.

Sigh not for love, if you wish not to know
Every torment that waits on mortals here be-
low;

If you fain would avoid all the dangers and
snares

That attend human life, and escape all its
cares

Sigh not for love.

If cheerfulness smiles on the cup as you sip,
And you wish not to dash the sweet cup from
your lip,

If life's rill you see sparkle with pleasure's
gay beam:

Nor destroy the gay bubbles that rise on the
stream,

Sigh not for love.

If you dread the sharp pang that assails the
fond heart,

If you wish to shun sorrow, and mirth would
impart,

If you prize a calm life, with contentment and
ease,

If pleasure can charm you and liberty please,

Sigh not for love.

WHEN THE ROSY MORN.

When the rosy morn appearing,

Paints with gold and verdant lawn

Bees, on banks of th' ~~disputing~~
Sip the sweets, & ~~in the shade~~

Warbling birds the day proclaiming,
Carol sweet the lively strain;
They forsake their leafy dwelling,
To secure the golden grain.

See, content, the humble gleaner
Takes the scattered ears that
Nature, all her children viewing,
Kindly bounteous, cares for a



IN MY COTTAGE.

In my cottage near a wood,
Love and Rosa now are mine;
Rosa ever fair and good,
Charm me with those smiles of thine.
Rosa, partner of my life,
Thee alone my heart shall prize,
Thou, the tender friend and wife,
Ah! too swift life's current flies!

Linger yet, ye moments stay;
Why so rapid is your wing?
Whither would you haste away?
Stay, and hear my Rosa sing,
Love and you still bless my cot,
Fortune's frowns are for our good;
May we live, by pride forgot,
In our cottage near a wood.

KATE OF ABERDEEN.

The silver moon's enamour'd beam
 Steals softly through the night,
 To wanton with the winding stream,
 And kiss reflected light.
 To beds of state, go, balmy sleep!
 ('Tis where you've seldom been)
 May's vigil while the shepherds keep
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
 In rosy chaplets gay,
 Till morn unbar her golden gate,
 And give the promised May,
 Methinks I hear the maids declare,
 'The promised May, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
 We'll rouse the nodding grove:
 The nested birds shall raise their throats,
 And hail the maid I love:
 And see—the matin lark mistakes,
 He quits the tufted green,
 Fond bird! 'tis not the morning break,
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
 Where midnight fairies rove,
 Like them, the jocund dance we'll lead,
 Or tune the reed to love:
 For see the rosy May draws nigh,
 She claims a virgin queen.
 And, here! the happy shepherds cry,
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

THE DEATH OF TOM MOODY.

You all know Tom Moody, the whipper-in-
well;

But just now done tolling, has honest Tom's
knell:

A more able sportsman ne'er followed a hound
Through a country well known to be fifty
miles round.

No hound ever opened with Tom near a wood,
But he'd challenge the tone, and could tell if
'twere good;

And all with attention would eagerly mark,
When he cheered up the pack, with "Hark! to
Rockwood, hark! hark!

Hey, wind and cross him, now, Rattler, ho?
hark?

And all with attention, &c.

Six crafty earth stoppers, in hunters' green
dress,

Supported poor Tom to an earth made for rest,
His corse, which he styled his Old Soul, next
appear'd,

On whose forehead the brush of the last fox
was reared,

Whip, cap, boots, and spurs, in a trophy were
bound,

And here and there followed a straggling old
hound,

Ah! no more his voice yonder hills will they
trace,

Nor the welkin resound his burst of the chase,
With hie, over, now press him! tally ho!

Ah! no more, &c.

Thus Tom spoke to his friends ere he gave up
his breath;

“Since I see you’re resolved to be in at the
death,

One favor bestow, ’tis the last I shall crave
Give a rattling view halloo thrice over my
grave;

And unless at the warning I lift up my head,
My boys you may safely conclude that I’m
dead.”

Honest Tom was obeyed, and the shouts rent
the sky,

But he never join’d in the tally-ho cry.

Honest Tom was obey’d. &c.



RICH AND RARE.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore,
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Sparkling gems and snow white wand.

“Lady, dost not thou fear to stray,
So lone and lovely through this bleak way?
Are Erin’s sons so good or so cold
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?”

“Sir knight I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm,
For though they love women and golden store,
Sir knight they love honour and virtue more.

On she went, and her maiden smile,
In safety lighted her through the green isle,
And blessed for ever is she who relied
On Erin’s honour and Erin’s pride.

BRUCE TO HIS ARMY

Scots, wha' hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gery bed,
Or to glorious victory!
Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front of battle low'r;
See approach proud Edward's power,
Edward, chains and slavery.

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha will fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!
Wha, for Scotland's king and la',
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Caledonian on wi' me.

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be, shall be free.
Lay the proud usurpers low,
Tyrants fall in every foe,
Liberty's in every blow;
Forward! let us do or die.

TOM STARBOARD

Tom Starboard was a lover true,
As brave as ever sail'd ;
The duties ablest seamen do,
Tom did, and never yet had fail'd,
But, wreck'd as he was homeward bound,
Within a league of England's coast,
Love saved him sure from being drown'd,
For more than half the crew were lost.

In fight Tom Starboard knew no fear ;
Nay, when he lost an arm resign'd,
Said, love for Nan, his only dear,
Had saved his life, and fate was kind ;
And now though wreck'd yet Tom return'd,
Of all past dangers made a joke ;
For still his manly bosom burn'd
With love—his heart was heart of oak.

His strength restor'd, Tom nobly ran
To cheer his Nan, his destined bride ;
But false report had brought to Nan,
Six months before, that Tom had died.
With grief she daily pined away,
No remedy her life could save ;
And Tom return'd—the very day
They laid his Nancy in the grave.

T. Knight

THE BAY OF BISCAY. O!

LORD roar'd the dreadful thunder !

The rain a deluge showers !

The clouds were rent asunder

By lightning's vivid powers !

The night both drear and dark,

Our poor devoted bark,

Till next day,

There she lay,

In the Bay of Biscay, O !

At length the wish'd for morrow

Broke through the hazy sky ,

Absorb'd in silent sorrow,

Each heav'd a bitter sigh :

The dismal wreck to view

Struck horror to the crew,

As she lay,

On that day,

In the Bay of Biscay, O !

Her yielding timbers sever,

Her pitchy seams are rent,

When Heaven, all bounteous ~~eyes~~

Its boundless mercy sent ;

A sail in sight appears

We hail her with three cheers !

Now we sail,

With the gale,

From the Bay of Biscay, O !

FAR, FAR AT SEA.

Tw'as at night when the bell had toll'd twelve
And poor Susan was laid on her pillow,
In her ear whispered some fleeting elf,
Your love is now tossed on a billow.
Far, far, at sea.

All was dark! as she 'woke out of breath,
Not an object her fears could discover;
All was still as the silence of death,
Save fancy which painted her lover
Far, far, at sea.

So she whisper'd a prayer, closed her eyes,
But the phantom still haunted her pillow
Whilst in terror she echoed his cries,
As struggling he sunk in the billow,
Far, far at sea

OH, TELL ME PILGRIMS.

Oh, tell me, pilgrims faint and weary,
Whither o'er the moor you stray?
The winds of night blow cold and dreary,
Dark and lonely is the way.

Enough dark the way though lone the moor,
At Juan's shrine our beads we tell,
Each night when, from the abbey tower,
Slowly tolls the midnight bell.

Now the tapers, faintly gleaming,
Light the chapel aisle long;

Now, the sacred rites proclaiming,
Slowly tolls the bell, ding dong.

Oh, say what sound, so sweet ascending,
Steal along the dusky sky?
From whence those songs that, softly blending
O'er the dreary moorlands die?
Now the tapers, &c.

LIFE LET US CHERISH.

Life let us cherish, while yet the taper glows,
And the fresh flow'ret pluck ere it close,
Why are we fond of toil and care?
Why choose the rankling thorn to wear.
And heedless by the lily stray,
Which blossoms in our way?

When the clouds obscure the atmosphere,
And forked lightnings rend the air,
The sun resumes its silver crest,
And smiles adown the west.

'The genial seasons soon are o'er,
Then let us, ere we quit this shore,
Contentment seek; it is life's zest,
'The sunshine of the breast.

Away with every toil and care,
And cease the rankling thorn to wear;
With manful hearts life's conflict meet,
'Till death sounds the retreat.

THE FRIEND AND PITCHER.

The wealthy fool, with gold in store,
Will still desire to grow richer ;
Give me but these, I ask no more,
My charming girl, my friend and pitcher.

My friend so rare, my girl so fair,
With such what mortal can be richer
Give me but these, a fig for care,
With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.
My friend so rare, &c.

From morning sun I'd never grieve,
To toil a hedger or a ditcher,
If that, when I come home at eve,
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher
My friend so rare, &c.

Though fortune ever shuns my door,
I do not know what can bewitch her ;
With all my heart can I be poor,
With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.
My friend so rare, &c.

THE COSMETIC DOCTOR.

Believe me, believe me, in the country or
town
No cosmetic, no cosmetic, but mine would go
down ;
Both young ones and old ones would flock at
my call,
And for pimples and wrinkles they purchased
it all.

The sweet creatures would cry,
 Your art, sir, I'll try,
 For a freckle I spy,
 Just below my left eye.

To the face pale and wan I gave the blush of
 the rose,

And placed on the cheek what I found on the
 nose.

Some smirking, some jerking,
 Some crummy, some gummy,
 Eyes askew, noses blue,
 Shallow cheek, made so sleek,
 'Bove all commendation my trade is:
 Smiling face, prate apace,
 Tell the news: all amuse,
 Aim to show what's the go;
 That's the way; now-a-day
 To shine as the man for the ladies.

To tell where I've been,
 Or what fair ones I've seen,
 In places where I my abode took,
 I'm sure it would fill,
 A chancery bill,
 Or as long be as Pattison's road-book,
 First at Acton and Ealing,
 Their faces I'm peeling,
 At Eichester and Dorchester,
 At Chichester and Porchester,
 At Woolwich and Highbury,
 And Dulwich and Reigate,
 At Beckington and Oakingham,
 And Buckingham and Rockingham,
 At Brummagem,
 I rummagem,

At Deptford and Hampton,
 And Bedford and Bampton,
 At Harlow and Charnmouth,
 And Marlow and Yarmouth,
 At Dartford and Darking,
 And Harford and Barking,
 At Wor'ster and Chester,
 And Glo'ster and Leicester,
 At Teddington and Amersham,
 And Holyhead and Riverhead,
 At Maidenhead and Leatherhead.

on chaises and four I've rattled off to Daven-
 try.

And many is the time that I've been sent to
 Coventry.

To this list let me add, and the vanity pardon,
 I've made many a fair one smile in famous
 Covent Garden.

Where some are smirking, some jerking,
 Some crummy, some gummy,

Eyes askew, noses blue,
 Sallow cheek, made so sleek,

Love all commendation my trade is;

Smiling face, prate apace,

Tell the news, all amuse,

Aim to show, what's the go;

That's the way now-a-day,

To shine as the man for the ladies.



FLOW, THOU REGAL.

Flow, thou regal, purple stream,

Tinted by the solar beam,

In my goblet sparkling rise,
 Cheer my heart and glad my eyes,
 My brain ascend on fancy's wing
 'Noint me, wine, a jovial king?
 While I live, I'll have my clay,
 When I'm dead and gone away,
 Let my thirsty subjects say,
 A month he reign'd, and that was May.

BY THE GAILY CIRCLING GLASS

By the gaily circling glass,
 We can see how minutes pass;
 By the hollow cask we're told,
 How the waning night grows old,
 Soon, too soon the busy day
 Drives us from our sport and play
 What have we with day to do!
 Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

By the screeching of the owl,
 By the empty butts that roll,
 By the chirping on the thorn,
 We foretell the approach of morn.
 Fill, oh! fill the vacant glass,
 Let no precious moments slip
 Flout the moralizing ass
 Joy finds entrance at the lip.

DAME DURDEN.

Dame Durden kept five serving girls,
 To carry the milking pail;

She also kept five labouring men,
 To use the spade and flail,
 'Twas Moll and Bet, and Doll and Kate, and
 Dorothy Draggletail ;
 And John and Dick, and Joe and Jack. and
 Humphrey, with his flail.
 'Twas John kiss'd Molly !
 And Dick kiss'd Betty !
 And Joe kiss'd Dolly !
 And Jack kiss'd Katy !
 And Dorothy Draggletail,
 And Humphrey, with his flail ;
 And Kitty was a charming girl to carry the mil-
 king pail

Dame Durden in the morn so soon
 She did begin to call ;
 To rouse her servants, maids and men,
 She then began to bawl,
 'Twas Moll and Bet, &c.
 'Twas on the morn of Valentine,
 The birds began to prate ;
 Dame Durden's servants, maids, and men,
 They all began to mate.
 'Twas Moll and Bet, &c.

PERHAPS IT IS NOT LOVE, SAID I

PERHAPS it is not love, said I
 That melts my soul when Flavia's nigh,
 Where wit and sense like hers agree,
 One may be pleased, and yet be free.
 The beauties of her polish'd mind
 It needs no lover's eye to find ;

The hermit freezing in his cell,
Might wish the gentle Flavia well.

It is not love averse to bear
The servile chain that lovers wear,
Let me all my fears remove,
My doubts dispel it is not love.

Oh! when did wit so brightly shine,
In any form less fair than thine;
It is, it is love's subtle fire,
And under friendship lurks desir ..



BLOW, BLOW.

Blow. blow. thou summer's breeze,
O gently fan the trees,
That form yon fragrant bower;
Where Anna, loveliest maid,
On Nature's carpet laid,
Enjoys the evening hour.

Hence, hence, ye objects foul,
The beetle, bat and owl,
The hagworm, newt, and toad.
But fairy elves unseen,
May gambol o'er the green
And circle her abode.

Shed, shed thy sweetest beams,
In parti-coloured streams,
Thou fount of heat and light.
No no; withdraw thy ray;

Her eyes diffuse a day
As kind, as warm, as bright.

Breathe, breathe thy incense, May ;
Ye flowers your homage pay
To one more fair and sweet ;
Ye opening rosebuds, shed
Your fragrance round her head ;
Ye lilies, kiss her feet.

Flow, flow, thou chrystal rill,
With twinkling gurgles fill
The mazes of the grove ;
And, should thy murmuring stream
Invite my love to dream,
O, may she dream of love.

Sing, sing, ye feather'd choir.
And melt to fond desire
Her too obdurate breast
Then in that tender hour
I'll steal into the bower,
And teach her to be blest.

THE TOUGH WOODEN WALLS.

WHEN the despot of France felt a wish to invade
The island that freedom had long call'd her own ;
The impulse of honour each Briton obey'd
Determined to fight for his country and crown.
Then encircled by fleets, she has nothing to fear.

While no civil commotion her people dis-
sever;
This adage remains every Briton to cheer—
“The tough wooden walls of Old England
for ever!”

Then what fear can invasion impress on the
mind,
If, Britons, for ever united we stand?
While our brave volunteers, in true valour
combined,
Step forward to fight for our dear native
land?
With such guardians as these, let the boasters
appear;
Shall we e’er yield to Frenchmen? Oh! Eng-
lishmen never:
For this adage remains, every Briton to cheer,
“The tough wooden walls of old England
for ever

Then health to the fleet which our island’s sur-
round,
Success to our admirals, courageously brave;
With their actions of valour let heaven re-
sound,
The deeds of our navy our country to save.
Approbation this toast from each Briton must
meet:
“Prosper well ev’ry Englishman’s honest
endeavour;:
May God save the King, his army, and fleet,
“The tough wooden walls of old England for
ever!”

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR

Alone on the banks of the dark rolling Danube,
Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er
O, whither, she cried, hast thou wandered my
love ?

Or where dost thou welter and bleed on
the shore ?

What voice have I heard ? 'Twas my Henry
that sighed ;

All mournful she hastened, nor wandered
she far,

When, bleeding, and low on the heath sh
descried.

By the light of the moon, her poor wounded
Hussar.

From his bosom, that heaved, the last torrent
was streaming ;

And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a
scar ,

And dim was that eye, once expressively
beaming,

That melted in love, and that kindled in
war ;

And smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the
sight ;

How bitter she wept o'er the vietim of war !
Hast thou come, my fond love, this last sorrow
ful night,

To cheer the lone heart of your wounded hus
sar ?

Thou shalt live, she replied, heaven's mercy
relieving,

Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to
mourn;
Ah! no; the last pang in my bosom is heav-
ing,
No light of the morn shall to Henry return.
Thou chamber of life; ever tender and true,
Ye babes of my love, that await me afar;
His faltering tongue scarce could murmur,
adieu,
When he sunk in her arms—the poor
wounded Hussar.

A TRAVELLER STOPPED.

A traveller stopp'd at a widow's gate;
She kept an inn, and he wanted to bait,
But the widow she slighted her guest;
For, when nature was making an ugly race,
She certainly moulded the traveller's face,
As a sample for all the rest.

The chambermaid's sides were ready to crack
When she saw his queer nose and the hump
on his back,
[A hump isn't handsome, no doubt;]
And, though 'tis confessed that the prejudice
goes,
Very strongly in favor of wearing a nose,
A nose shouldn't look like a snout.

A bag full of gold on the table he laid;
It had a wondrous effect on the widow and
Maid,
And they quickly grew marvellous civil.

The money immediately altered the case,
They were charm'd with his hump, and his
 snout, and his face,
'Though he still might have frightened the
 devil.

He paid like a prince, gave the widow a **smack**
And flopp'd on his horse at the door like a
 sack ;

While the landlady, touching the chink,
Cried, " Sir, should you travel this country
 agam,
I heartily hope that the sweetest of men
 Will stop at the widow's to drink."

THE NORTHEAST WIND.

The northeast wind did briskly blow,
The ship was safely moored,
Young Bryan thought the boat's crew slow,
And so leapt overboard.

Pereeme, the pride of Indian dames,
His heart long held in thrall ;
And who so his his impatience blames,
I wot ne'er loved at all.

A long, long year, one month and a day,
He dwelt on English land,
Nor once in thought or deed would stray,
Though ladies sought his hand.

For though Bryan he was tall and strong,
Right blithsome rolled his e'en,
Sweet was his voice whene'er he sung,
He scant had twenty seen.

But who the countless charms can draw,
That graced his mistress true ;
Such charms the old world seldom saw,
Nor oft, I ween, the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
Like tendrils of the vine,
Her cheeks red dewy rose-buds deck,
Her eyes like diamonds shine.

Soon as his well known ship she spied,
She cast her weeds away,
And to the palmy shore she hied,
All in her best array.

In sea green silk so neatly clad,
She there impatient stood,
The crew with wonder saw the lad
Repel the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief displayed,
Which he at parting gave,
Well pleased, the token he survey'd,
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all,
Rejoicing, crowd the strand;
For now her lover swam in call,
And almost touch'd the land.

Then through the wight surf did she haste
To clasp her lovely swain ;
When, ah ! a shark bit through his waist ;
His heart's blood died his main.

He shriek'd ' his half sprang from the wave,
Streaming with purple gore ;
And soon it found a living grave,
And, ah ! seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,
Fetch water from the spring ;
She falls, she swoons, she dies away,
And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May morning round her tomb,
Ye fair fresh flowerets strew ;
So may your lovers 'scape his doom,
Her hapless fate 'scape you.



THE BARD'S LEGACY.

WHEN in death I shall calm recline,
Oh ! bear my heart to my mistress dear
Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine
Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd hers ;
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow,
To sully a heart so brillian and light,
But balmy drops from the red grape barrow
To bathe the relic from morn till night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
Oh ? take my harp to your ancient ball :

Hang it up at the friendly door,
 Where weary travellers love to call ;
 And should some Bard who roams forsaken
 Revive its soft notes in passing along,
 Oh ! let one thought of its master awaken
 Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Take this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
 To grace your revel when I'm at rest,
 Never, oh ! never its balm bestowing
 On lips that beauty has seldom bless'd.
 But if some fond devoted lover
 To her he adores should bathe its brim,
 Oh ! then my spirit around shall hover,
 And hallow each drop that foams for him.
T. Moore.

THE BOLD DRAGOON.

THERE was an ancient fair, O ! she loved a
 neat young man,
 And she couldn't throw sly looks at him, but
 only through her fan ;
 With her winks and blinks, this wadding
 minx,
 Her quizzing glass, her leer, sidle,
 O ! she loved a bold dragoon, with his long
 sword, saddle, bridle,—
Whack, row-di-dow, &c.
 She had a rolling eye, its fellow it had none
 Would you know the reason why, it was be-
 cause she had but one ;

With her winks and blinks, this waddling
minx.

She couldn't keep her one eye idle,
O! she leer'd at this dragoon, with his long
sword, saddle, bridle,—
Whack, row-di-dow, &c.

Now he was tall and slim, she squab and short
was grown,
He look'd just like a mile in length, and she
like a milestone ;
With her winks and blinks, this waddling
minx,
Her quizzing glass, her leer and sidle,
O! she sighed to this dragoon, bless your long
sword, saddle, bridle,
Whack, row-di-dow, &c.

Soon he led unto the church the beauteous Mrs.
Flinn,
Who a walnut could have crack'd 'tween her
lovely nose and chin ;
O! then such winks in marriage links
The splays-footed bride from church did sidle
As the wife of this dragoon, with his long
sword, saddle, bridle,—
Whack, row-di-dow, &c.

A twelvemonth scarce had passed when he
laid her under ground,
Soon he threw the onion from his eyes and
touch'd ten thousand pounds
For her winks and blinks, her money chink
He did not let her cash lie idle

So long life to this dragoon with his long sword
 saddle, bridle,—
 Whack, row-di-dow, &c.

I THOUGHT THIS HEART.

I THOUGHT this heart consuming lay
 On Cupid's burning shrine;
 I thought he stole thy heart away,
 And plac'd it near to mine.

I saw thy heart begin to melt,
 Like ice before the sun,
 Till both a glow congenial felt,
 And mingled into one.

T. Moore.

TOM TRUELOVE.

TOM Truelove woo'd the sweetest fair
 That e're to tar was kind:
 Her face was of a beauty rare,
 More beautiful her mind;
 His messmates heard while with delight
 He named her for his bride;
 A sail appear'd, ah! fatal sight!
 For grief his love had died.
 "Must I," cried he, "those charms resign
 I lov'd so dear, so well?
 Would they had toil'd, instead of thine,
 Tom Truelove's knell.

“ Break, heart at once, and there’s an end,
Thou all that Heaven could give !—
But hold, I have a noble friend ;
Yet, yet for him I’ll live.”
Fortune, who all her baleful spite
Not yet on Tom had tried,
Sent news, one rough, tempestuous night.
That his dear friend had died.
“ And thou too ! must I thee resign,
Who honour loved so well !
Would they had toll’d, instead of thine
Tom Truelove’s knell.

“ Enough, enough, a salt sea wave
A healing calm shall bring.”—
“ A sailor you,” cried one, “ and brave !
Live still to serve your king !”
The moment comes, behold the foe ;
“ Thanks, generous friend,” he cried ;
The second broadside laid him low,
He named his love and died.
The tale, in mournful accents sung,
His friends still sorrowing tell,
How sad and solemn three times rung
Tom Truelove’s knell.

Dibdin.

EVELEEN’S BOWER.

OH ! weep for the hour,
When to eveleen’s bower.
The lord of the valley with false vows came ;

The moon hid her light
From the heavens that night,
And wept behind the clouds o'er the maiden's
shame.

The clouds pass'd soon
From the chaste cold moon,
And heaven smiled again with her vestal flame
But none will see the day
When the clouds shall pass away
Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

The white snow lay
On the narrow path-way,
Where the lord of the valley cross'd over the
moor ;
And many a deep print,
On the white snow's tint,
Show'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's
door.

The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Every trace on the path where the false lord
came,
But there's a light above,
Which alone can remove
That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

T. Moore

CONJUGAL COMFORT.

“ Dear John, prithee tell me,” cried Ruth,
To Gubbins, her husband, one day,,
“ Dost not think in good sooth,

I should swear but the truth,
 Did I swear what I'm going to say,
 That wedlock's state,
 In good humour, that fate
 Contrived to bless woman and man,
 And that Giles here's an ass,
 Who such fortune let's pass?—
 All should marry as soon as they can."

"Why Goody," cried Gubbins, "you know
 My thoughts of the thing 'fore to-day;
 Nor, as I shall show,
 Need one many miles go,
 To prove what I'm going to say,
 Did wives ever scold,
 Were they ugly or old,
 A spouse were a miserable man;
 But smooth is thier tongue,
 They're all comely and young!—
 Giles, get married as soon as you can,

"If one's children one wish'd in their grave,
 Still plaguing one day after day,
 The girls fashion's slaves,
 The boys puppies and knaves,
 One then might have something to say;
 But brats are no evil,
 They ne'er play the devil;
 Nor have wives from their duty e'er ran;
 Then sence my friend Giles,
 Wedlock greets you with smiles,
 Get married as soon as you can."

Cried Ruth, "Will you let your tongue run
 Here you scurvy old villin, I rule!"

‘ Rogues there are said the son,
“ But, old Quiz, am I one ?”
Cried the daughter, “ my father’s a fool !”
Don’t you see,” Gubbins cried,
‘ I’ve the tenderest bride,
And best children that ever bless’d man ?
Giles, would you be driven
To bedlam or heaven,
Get married as soon as you can !”
Dibdin.

THE WOODPECKER.

I KNEW by the smoke, that so gracefully curl’d
Above the green elms, that a cottage was
near ;
And I said, “ If there’s peace to be found in
the world,
A heart that is humble might hope for it
here.”
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound,
But the woodpecker tapping at the hollow
beech tree.

And here, in this lone little wood, I exclaim’d,
With a maid who was lovely to soul and to
eye,
Who would blush if I praised her, and weep
if I blam’d,
How bless’d could I live, and how calm could
I die.

Every leaf was at rest, &c

By the shade of yon sumac, whose red berry
dips

In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to
recline!

And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
Which ne'er had been sigh'd on by any but
mine.

Every leaf was at rest, &c

CEASE, CEASE, THOSE SIGHS.

CEASE, cease, those sighs I cannot bear;

Hark! hark! the drums are calling;

Oh! I must chide thy coward tear,

Or kiss it as 'tis falling.

Eliza, bid thy soldier go:

Why thus my heart-strings sever?

Ah! be not then my honour's foe,

Or I am lost for ever.

True benevolence above,

With mind resign'd and steady;

He'll never wound, believe me, love,

The heart that's broke already.

Serene yon dreadful field I see,

Whatever fate betide me;

Thy shelter innocence shall be,

And I've no wish beside thee.

THE BANKS OF BANNA.

SHEPHERDS, I have lost my love,

Have you seen my Anna?

Pride of every shady grove,
Upon the banks of Banna,

I for her my home forsook.
Near yon misty mountain,
Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
Greenwood shade, and fountain.

Never shall I see them more,
Until her returning;
All the joys of life are o'er,
From gladness chang'd to mourning.

Whither is my charmer flown,
Shepherds, tell me, whithea?
Ah! wo for me, perhaps she's gone,
For ever and for ever



THE BARREL OF ALE.

OLD Owen liv'd on the brow of a hill,
And he had more patience than pelf;
A small lot of ground 'twas his labour to till,
And he toil'd through the day by himself.
But at night crowds of visiter's call'd at his ect,
For he told a right marvellous tale;
Yet a stronger attraction had got,
A barrel of old humming ale.

Old Owen by all was an oracle thought,
While they drank, not a joke fail'd to hit,
But Owen at last by experience was taught,
That wisdom is better than wit

One night his cot scarcely could hold the gay
rout,

'The next not a soul heard his tale ;
The moral is, simply, they'd fairly drank out
His barrel of old humming ale.

C. Dibdin Jun.

TAKE, OH ! TAKE MY FEARS AWAY.

TAKE, oh . take my fears away,
Which thy cold disdain has bred :
And grant me one auspicious ray,
From thy morn of beauties shed,
But thy killing beams restrain,
Lest I be by beauty slain.

Spread, oh ! spread those orient twins,
Which thy snowy bosom grace ;
Where love in milk and roses swims,
Blind with lustre of thy face.
But let love thaw 'em first, lest I
Do on those frozen mountains die.

BY MOONLIGHT ON THE GREEN.

BY moonlight on the green,
Where lads and lasses stray,
How sweet the blossoms beam,
How sweet the new made hay !
But not to me so sweet
The blossoms on the thorn,
As when my lad I meet.

More fresh than May-day morn !
Give me the lad so blithe and gay,
Give me the tartan-pladie ;
For, spite of all the wise can say,
I'll wed my Highland laddie,
My bonny Highland laddie,
My bonny Highland laddie,
My bonny, bonny, bonny, bonny,
Bonny Highland laddie.

His skin is White as snow,
His een are bonny blue,
Like rose bud sweet his mou',
When wet wi' morning dew.
Young Will is rich and great,
And fain would ca' me his ;
But what is pride or state,
Without love's smiling bliss ?
Give me that lad, &c.

When first he talk'd of love,
He look'd sae blithe and gay,
His flame I did approve,
And could na say him nay,
Then to the kirk I'll haste,
There prove my love and truth :
Reward a love sae chaste,
And wed the constant youth,
Give me the lad, &c

THERE'S NOUGHT BUT CARE

THERE's nought but care on every han',
In every hour that passes, O !

What signifies the life o' man,
An' twerena for the lasses, O !
Green grow the rashes, O !
Green grow the rashes, O !
'The sweetest hours that e'er I feel,
Are spent among the lasses, O !

'The Warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O .
An' tho' at last, they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O !
Green grow the rashes, O !

Gie me a cannie hour at e en,
My arms about my dearie, O !
Then warly cares an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O !
Green grow the rashes, &c.

For you're sae douse ! ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O !
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly loved the lasses, O !
Green grow the rashes, &c.

Auld nature swears, the lovely dears,
Her noblest work she classes, O !
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O !
Green grow the rashes, &c.

AH, SURE A FAIR.

Ah ! sure a pair was never seen,
So justly formed to meet by natnre ;

The youth excelling is in mein,
The maid in every grace and feature.
Oh ! how happy are such lovers,
When kindred beauties each discoovers ;
For surely she
Was made for thee,
And thou to bless this lovely creature.

So mind your looks, your children thence
Will early learn the path of duty :
The boys with all their father's strength,
The girls with all their mother's beauty ;
Oh ! how happy to inherit
At once such graces and such spirit.
Thus while you live,
May fortune give
Each blessing equal to your merit.

THE SPORTSMAN'S DELIGHT.

From the east breaks the morn ;
See the sunbeam's adorn
The wild heath and the mountains so high !
Shrilly opes the stanch hound,
The steed neighs to the sound,
And the floods and the valleys reply.

Our forefathers so good,
Proved their greatness of blood,
By encountering the pard and the boar ;
Ruddy heath bloom'd the face,
Age and youth urged the chase,
And taught woodlands and forests to roar.

Hence of noble descent,
Hills and wilds we frequent,
Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd;
Though in life's busy day
Man of man makes a prey,
Still let ours be the the prey of the field.

With the chase in full sight,
Gods, how great the delight!
How our mutual sensations refine!
Where is care? where is fear?
Like the winds in the rear;
And the man's lost in something divine.

Now to horse, my boys;
Lo, each pants for the joys
That anon shall enliven the whole;
Then at eve we'll dismount,
Toils and pleasures recount,
And renew the chase over the bow!



THE WORLD IS ALL NONSENSE.

THE world is all nonsense and noise,
Fantoccini, or Ombres Chinoises,
Mere patomime mummery,
Puppetshow flummery,
A magical lanthorn confounding the sight;
Like players or puppets we move,
On wires of ambition and love,
Poets write wittily,
Maidens look prettily.

Till death drops the curtain—all's over, good
night !

WHAT IS WOMAN LIKE.

A WOMAN is like to—but stay—

What woman is like who can say ?

There is no living with or without one.

Love bites like a fly,

Now an ear. now an eye,

Buzz, buzz, always buzzing about one—

When she's tender and kind,

She is like to my mind

(And Fanny was so I remember,)

She is like to—Oh, dear !

She's as good, very near,

As a ripe melting peach in September.

If she laugh and she chat,

Play, joke, and all that,

And with smiles and good humour she meets
me,

She's like a rich dish,

Of venison or fish,

That cries from the table, Come eat me !

But she'll plague you, and vex you,

Distract and perplex you ;

Falsehearted and ranging,—

Unsettled and changing ;

What, then, do you think she is like ?

Like a sand ? like a rock ?

Like a wheel ? like a clock ?

Ay, a clock that is always at strike,

Her head's like the island that folks tell of

Which nothing but monkeys can dwell on;
 Her heart's like a lemon—so nice,
 She carves for each lover a slice;
 In truth she's to me,
 Like the wind, like the sea,
 Whose raging will hearken to no man
 Like a mill, like a pill,
 Like a flail, like a whale,
 Like an ass, like a glass,
 Whose image is constant to no man;
 Like a flower, like a shower,
 Like a fly, like a pie,
 Like a pea, like a flea,
 Like a thief, like—in brief,
 She's like nothing on earth—but a woman!

ENCOMPASSED IN AN ANGEL'S FRAME.

ENCOMPASS'D in an angel's frame
 An angel's virtues lay;
 Too soon did heaven assert its claim,
 And call'd its own away.
 My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms
 Must never more return;
 What now shall fill these widow'd arms?
 Ah, me!—my Anna's urn.

Can I forget that bliss refined,
 Which bless'd when her I knew?
 Our heart's, in sacred bonds entwined,
 Were bound by love too true.
 The rural train, which once were used

In festive dance to turn,
So pleased when Anna they amused,
Now, weeping, deck her urn.

The soul escaping from its chain,
She clasp'd me to her breast;
"To part with thee is all my pain!"
She cried—then sunk to rest.
While memory shall her seat retain,
From beauteous Anna torn,
My heart shall breathe its ceaseless strain
Of sorrow o'er her urn.

There, with the earliest dawn, a dove
Laments her murder'd mate :
There Philomela, lost to love,
'Tells the pale moon her fate.
With yew and ivy round me spread,
My Anna there I'll mourn ;
For all my soul—now she is dead.
Concentres in her urn.

I WAS THE BOY.

I WAS the boy for bewitching 'em,
Whether good humour'd or coy ;
All cried, when I was besecching 'em
Do what you will with me, joy.
Daughters be cautious and steady,
Mammies would cry out for fear :
Why don't you take care of Teddy ?

Oh ! he's the devil my dear .

For I was the boy for bewitching 'em, &c

From every quarter I gather'd 'em,

Very few rivals had I ;

If I found any, I lather'd 'em,

That made 'em plaguily shy.

Pat Moony my Shelah once meeting,

I twigg'd him beginning his clack ;

Says he, at my heart I've a beating,

Says I, then take one at your back.

For I am the boy for bewitching 'em, &c.

Many a lass that would fly away,

When other wooers but spoke :

Once if I look her a die-away,

There was an end of the joke.

Beauties, no matter how cruel,

Hundreds of lads though they cross'd,

When I came nigh to them, jewel,

Melted like mud in a frost.

For I was the boy for bewitching 'em, &c



MEETING OF THE WATERS.

THERE is not in this wide world a valley so
sweet,

As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters
meet ;

Oh ! the last rays of feeling and life must de-
part,

Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from
my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the
scene

Her purest of chrystal, her brightest of green,
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill:
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite
still.—

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom
were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment
more dear;
And who felt how the best charms of nature
improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that
we love.

Sweet vale of Ovoca! how calm could I rest,
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love
best:
Where the storms which we feel in this cold
world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters be mingled in
peace.



LET OTHERS BREATHE.

LET others breathe the melting sigh,
And swear they love to madness;
To them I leave the tearful eye,
And all love's sober madness.
No tender vows or prayers are mine,
But this I swear sincerely,
While truth and honest love are thine,
I'll love thee ever dearly,

Then lady though I scorn the wiles
Which love too oft discovers,
Ne'er spurn the heart that woos in smiles
For smiles were made for lovers ;
And though his tender vows are mine
Yet this I swear. &c.

DESERTED BY THE WANING MOON.

DESERTED by the waning moon,
When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon.
On tower, or fort, or tented ground,
The sentry walks his lonely round ;
And should a footstep haply stray
Where caution marks the guarded way,
Who goes there ? stranger, quickly tell,
A friend—a friend—good night—all's well :

Or sailing on the midnight deep,
While weary messmates soundly sleep,
The careful watch patrols the deck,
To guard the ship from foes or wreck ;
And while his thoughts oft homeward veer.
Some well known voice salutes his ear—
What cheer ! oh ! brother, quickly tell,
Above !—below !—good night !—all's well.

LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.

YOUNG Love flew to the Paphian bower,
And gather'd sweets from many a flower

From roses and sweet jessamine,
 The lily and the eglantine ;
 The graces there were culling posies,
 And found young Love among the roses.

Oh happy day ! O joyous hour .
 Compose a wreath from every flower ;
 Let's bind him to us, ne'er to sever,
 Young Love shall dwell with us for ever
 Eternal spring the wreath composes,
 Content to live among the roses.

Young Love among the roses, &c.



THE MAIL COACH.

Come listen to my story,
 Now seated in my glory
 We make no longer stay ;
 A bottle of good sherry
 Has made us all quite merry
 Let Momus rule the day—
 We hearty all and well are.
 Drive to the White Horse Cellar,
 Get a snack before we go—
 Bring me a leg of mutton,
 I'm as hungry as a glutton,
 Some gravy soup—hollo ?

Spoken.] Why, waiter—coming, sir,—Make haste, do : I shall lose my place !—Coming in a moment, sir, just take care of No. 1.—Ten minutes go'd yet, sir—I hope your honour will remember honest Dick the hostler.—Re-

ember ! damme, I shall never forget you. -
 Why, waiter, and be damn'd to you, is my
 soup ready ?—Just put on the gridiron.—Jo-
 seph, will you let me have some table beer .
 —Just put in the pot, ma'am.—Waiter.—Sir,
 —Are my steaks ready ?—No Sir, but your
 chops are—Any passengers for the Glo'ster
 mail ?—Yes, young man, I'm going by the
 Glo'ster mail, the moment I can get my change.
 —Can't wait for your change ; if I'm not a
 Lombard-street by seven o'clock, to receive
 the bags, I shall get pull'd over the coals, {Horn

Away, away, we rattle,
 Such crowds of men and cattle ;
 Crack whip, they dash away,
 They dash away, they dash away.

What a cavalcade of coaches
 On every side approaches,
 What work for man and beast !
 To have a little drop, sir,
 We first of all must stop, sir,
 Then afterwards make haite ;
 I mount—the whip I crack now,
 All bustle what a pack now
 On every side approach ;
 Now making sad grimaces,
 All for the want of places,
 They cry—I've lost the coach.

Spoken.] How's this ? I'm sure my name was
 book'd.—Very likely, ma'am, but not here.—
 Mr. Coachman, any room for two females ?

—None at all for females; this is a male coach.
 Laugh.] Tie a handkerchief round your neck,
 Billy.—Yes, papa; give my duty to grandmama
 —I will, my love.—Good bye, papa.—Good
 bye, my love,—All right behind, cut em along.
 [Horn.] Away, away, we rattle, &c.

Four in hand from Picadilly,
 Now seated in the dilly,
 Off we scamper all;
 What merry wags and railers,
 What Jolly dogs and sailors,
 Begun to sing the bawl.
 From every place we start now,
 Some company depart now,
 And others come, no doubt;
 For plenty ther's of room now.
 For any one that come now,
 Four insides and one out.

Spoken.] I say, you lobster at the helm, have
 you got any room aboard?—Plenty of room
 my jolly masters, there's only four inside and
 a fat common-councilman.—You've put my
 trunk into the wrong coach.—Never mind,
 ma'am, we shall soon overtake it.—Pray, ma-
 dam, an't you sitting on my Welch wig?—
 Hold your tongue, you noisy brute you; you've
 awoke me out of a comfortable nap.—Knepe
 the windows up; I've caught cold and got a
 stiff neck—Now, if you please, sir, we'll settle
 legs.—Mit all my shoul, madam,—Hallo! mis-
 ses you can't have that there parrot inside;

one tongue's enough for a female.—Take care of your heads (Whip,) and hit 'em twice in a place. [Horn.]

Away, away, we rattle, &c.

MOULINE'S MARIA.

'TWAS near a thicket's calm retreat,
Under a poplar tree,
Maria chose her wretched seat
To mourn her sorrows free.
Her lovely form was sweet to view,
As dawn at opening day ;
But, ah ! she morn'd her love untrue,
And wept her cares away.

The brook flow'd gently at her feet,
In murmurs smooth along,
Her pipe, which once she tuned most sweet,
Had now forgot its song.
No more to charm the vale she tries,
For grief has fill'd her breast,
Those joys which once she used to prize,
But love has robb'd her rest.

Poor helpless maid, who can behold
Thy sorrows so severe,
And hear thy lovelorn story told,
Without a falling tear ?
Maria, luckless maid, adieu !
Thy sorrows soon must cease ;
For heaven will take a maid so true
To everlasting peace.

HE WAS FAMED

He was famed for deeds of arms
She a maid of envied charms ;
Now to him her love imparts,
One pure flame prevades both hearts ;
Honour calls him to the field,
Love to conquest now must yield ;
Sweet maid ! he cries, again I'll to come thee.
When the glad trumpet sounds a victory.

Battle now with fury glows !
Hostile blood in torrents flows ?
His duty tells him to depart,
She press'd the hero to her heart.
And now the trumpet sounds to arms,
And now the clash of war's alarms !
Sweet maid ! he cries, again I'll come to thee,
When the glad trumpet sounds a victory.

He with love and conquest burns,
Both subdue his mind by turns ;
Death the soldier now enthralls !
With his wounds the hero falls ?
She, disdaining war's alarms,
Rush'd and caught him in her arms !
O death ! he cried, thou'rt welcome now to me
For, hark ! the glad trumpet sounds a victory.

DOES THE HARP OF ROSA.

Does the harp of Rosa slumber ?
Once it breathed the sweetest number,

Never did a wilder song
Steal the breezy lyre along,
When the wind, in odours dying,
Woos it with enamour'd sighing.

Does the harp of Rosa cease ?
Once it told a tale of peace,
To her lover's throbbing breast,
'Then he was divinely bless'd .
Ah ! but Rosa loves no more,
Therefore Rosa's song is o'er,
And her boy forgotten sighs,
And her harp neglected lies.
Silent harp, forgotten lover,
Rosa's love and song are over .



BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW

Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear
The main mast by the board :
My heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love well stored, c
Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
The roaring winds, the raging sea,
In hopes on shore
'To be once more
Safe moor'd with thee,

Aloft while mountains high we go,
The whistling winds that scud along,
And the surge roaring from below
Shall my signal be,

To think on ihee,
And this shall be my song :
Blow high, blow low, &c.

And on that night when all the crew
The memory of their former lives
O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
And drink their sweethearts and their wives
I'll heave a sigh and think on thee ;
And, as the ship rolls through the sea,
The burthen of my song shall be—
Blow high, blow low, &c.

FROM 'THEE, ELIZA.

FROM thee, Eliza, I must go,
And from my native shore ;
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar ;
But boundless oceans, roaring wide
Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore ;
A boding voice is in my ear,
We part to meet no more !
But the last throb that leaves my heart,
While death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part
And thine that latest sigh !

O! NOTHING IN LIFE.

O NOTHING in life can sadden us,
 While we have wine and good humour in
 store ;
 That, and a little of love to madden us,
 Say, where is the fool that can labour for
 more ?
 Come, then, bid Ganymede fill every bowl for
 you.
 Fill up a brimmer and drink as I call;
 I'm going to toast ev'ry nymph of my soul to
 you ;
 Aye, by my soul, I'm in love with them all.
 Dear creatures, we can't live without 'em,
 They're all that is sweet and seducing to
 man ;
 Coaxing, sighing about and about them,
 We dote on them, die for them, all that we
 can.

Here's to Phillis, whose innocent bosom
 Is always agog for some novel desires ;
 To day to get lovers, to-morrow to lose 'em,
 Is all that the innocent Phillis requires.
 Here's to the gay little Jessy that simpers
 So vastly good humour'd, whatever is done
 She'll kiss yon, and that without whining or
 whimpers.
 And do what she will with you all the day
 long.

Dea. creatures, we can't, &c.

A bumper to Fanny ; I know that you'll scorn
 her,

Because she's a prude, and her nose is so
curl'd,
But if ever you chatted with fan in a corner
You'd say she was the best little girl in the
world.
Another! To Lydia, still struggling with duty
And asking her conscience whether she
should,
While her eyes, in the silent confession of
beauty,
Say, only for something I certainly would
Dear creatures we can't, &c.

DEAR BUSY BEE.

DEAR busy bee, through nature flying,
Should'st thou behold the maid I love
Steal to her breast, and gently sighing,
Taste what I care not, must not prove.
Catch in the fluttering of thy pinion,
Sighs which are breathed for her alone,
Say that preferring her dominion,
Love on my heart has fix'd his throne.

Should she, too careless of her lover,
Smile on the flattering circle round,
And by her eyes a joy discover
When in her ear their praises sound,
Rise on thy wing in pity to me,
Hum round the dear deluded maid;
Break by thy voice what might undo me,
Stife each sentence falsehood made.

Still, if ensnared by giddy fashion,

Spite of thy care and buzzing wing,
Strangers encroach upon my passion,
Perch on her lips, and wet thy sting !
Guard, if thou canst, the balmy treasure,
Which to those lips the loves impart,
Punish each wretch with 'vengeful pleasure,
Teach him to trespass on my heart.

CHARMS OF THE WORLD.

Charms of the world, your wizard spell
On me no power can prove ;
Ambition, pleasure, wealth, farewell,
I give you all for love.

When first the infant Eden smiled,
A rose's breath the air,
The garden world was but a wild,
Sweet woman was not there,
Charms of the world, &c.

But when from Paradise to rove,
Our erring race was driven,
One faithful exile, woman's love,
Made banishment a heaven.
Charms of the world, &c.

WHAT A BEAUTY I DID GROW.

When I was a little boy,
Some fifteen years ago,

I was the pride of my mammy,
Lord ' she made me quite a show.
Such a beauty I did grow

I'd red straight hair and goggle eyes,
And such a roguish leer ;
A large flat nose, and mouth
That reach'd from ear to ear.
Such a beauty, &c

My mammy doted on me,
And when my mouth she'd fill,
For fear she'd spoil it with a spoon,
She fed me with a quill.
Such a beauty &c.

And when that I could run alone,
Stock still I never stood ;
The ducks were my companions,
As I waddled through the mud !
Such a beauty, &c.

Then I learned to be musical,
And got off songs so pat,
I could grunt base like any pig,
Mew treble like a cat.
Such a beauty, &c.

Then I went to a dancing school,
For to be finished there,
And they said I danced a minuet
As graceful as a bear.
Such a beauty &c

With a mountebank a candidate.

I beat them all quite hollow,
And I won this pretty gold laced hat
By grinning through a collar.
Such a beauty, &c.

My name is Tommy Herring,
As every body knows,
And they stick me in the burley fields,
To frighten off the crows,
Such a beauty, &c.



JEAN ANDERSON, MY JO.

WHEN nature first began, Jean,
To try her cannie hand,
It's true she first made man, Jean,
And gae him great command;
But naething wad content him, Jean,
Tho' king o' a below,
Till heaven in pity sent him. Jean,
What maist he wish'd—a jo?

Tho' some may say I'm auld, Jean,
And say the name o' thee,
Ne'er fret to hear it tauld, Jean,
You still look young to me:
An' weel I mind the day, Jean,
Your breast as white as snow,
And waist sae jimp, ane might it span,—
Jean Anderson, my jo!

Our bonny bairns' bairns, Jean,
Wi' rapture do I see

Come toddlin' to the fireside,
Or sit upon my knee :
If there is pleasure, here, Jean,
Or happiness below,
This surely maun be likest it,
Jean Anderson, my jo !

Though age has siller'd ower my pow,
Sin we were first acquaint,
And chang'd my glossy raven look,
It's left us still content ;
An' eld ne'er comes alane, Jean,
But aft brings many a wo,
Yet we've nae cause for sic complaint,
Jean Anderson, my jo !

In innocence we've spent our days,
An' pleasant looks the past ;
Nae anxious thoughts alarm us,
We're cheerfu' to the last ;
'Till death knocks at our door, Jean,
And warn us baith to go,
Contented we will live an' love,
Jean Anderson, my jo !

It's now a lang, lang time, Jean,
Siu' you an' I begun
To sprachel up life's hill, Jean ;
Our race is nearly run ;
We baith hae done our best, Jean ;
Our sun is wearin' low,
Sae let us quietly sink to rest,
Jean Anderson, my jo !

I'LL TO MY LOVE PROVE TRUE.

OH, no ! though rank and riches sue,
 And poor and humble he—
 I'll ne'er prove to my love untrue,
 My world—my all to me !
 For, oh ! when all the world desert
 And life's fair scenes grow dim,
 Then is the time a wife should prove
 The world and all to him !
 There's love, and friends, and kindred
 In wedlock's unity—
 And still I'll to my love prove true,
 As he proved true to me !

Around the hallowed name of wife,
 Glide rapture, truth, and health—
 Her breast your pillow—arms your home—
 Her heart your dearest wealth !
 Friends may betray—and love prove false—
 As clouds appear in view—
 But let fate frown, and fortune lower,
 Your wife will still prove true.
 There's love. &c.

**MY HIGHLAND HOME.**

MY highland home, where tempests blow,
 And cold thy wintry looks ,
 Thy mountains crown'd wi' driven snow,
 And ice-bound are thy brooks :
 But colder far's the Briton's heart,
 However far he roam,

To whom these words no joy impart
My native highland home.

When summer comes, the heather bel.
Shall tempt thy feet to rove ;
The cushat-dove within the dell
Invites to peace and love :
For blithesome is the break of day,
And sweet the bonny broom,
And pure the dimpling rills that play
Around my highland home.
Then gang wi' me to Scotland, &c

THE FALL OF ALGIERS.

WHEN France was subdu'd, and in dust laid
her power,
England hoped that her triumph long peace
would restore ;
But a barbarous foe in an insolent hour,
Drew down her just vengeance to punish the
Moor.
For the trident of England shall still rule the
wave,
To protect the oppressed and enfranchise the
slave !
The infidels thought, when dismantled her fleet,
And her seamen return'd and dispers'd on
her shores,

That the spoils of the main would soon lie at
their feet,
And no flag rule the sea but the flag of the
Moors !

Humanity sigh'd to see Afric enslave
The Christians that fortune had thrown in
her hand .

And Europe might blush to behold on the wave
A pirate that plunder'd both ocean and land!

To England the nations appeal in their fears,
And when did they ask for protection in
vain ?

For Exmouth, in thunder, bore down on Al-
giers,

To make the Moors yield to the Lords of the
Main !

Like lightning he split every moon-crested
tower,

And with flames swept their plundering ships
from the sea ;

He humbled the Dey, who bent low to his
power,

And set all the Christians from slavery free !
For the trident, &c.



WHEN THE ROSE-BUD.

When the rose-bud of summer, its beauty be-
stowing,

On winter's rude banks all its sweetness shall
pour,

And the sunshine of day in night's darkness be
glowing,

O! then, dearest Ellen, I'll love you no
more.

When of hope the last spark, which thy smile
loved to cherish,

As my bosom shall die, and it's splendour be
o'er,

And the pulse of that heart which adores you
shall perish,

Oh! then, dearest Ellen, I'll love you no
more.



THIS LIFE IS LIKE.

This life is like a troubled sea,
Where, helm-a-weather or a-lee,
The ship will neither stay nor wear
But drives, of every rock in fear :
All seamanship in vain we try,
We cannot keep her steadily ;
But just as fortune's wind may blow.
The vessel's tossed to and fro ;
Yet come but love on board,
Our hearts with pleasure stored,
No storm can overwhelm ;
Still blows in vain,
The hurricane,
While he is at the helm.

[Dibdin.]

ANACREON, THEY SAY.

ANACREON, they say, was a jolly old blade,
A Grecian choice spirit, and poet oy trade ;
To Venus and Bacchus he tuned up his lays ;
For love and a bumper he sung all his days.

He laugh'd and he quaff'd still the juice of the
vine,
And though he was human, was look'd on di-
vine ;
At the feast of good humour he always was
there,
And his fancy and sonnets still banish'd dull
care.

Good wine, boys, says he, is the liquor of Jove
Tis our comfort below, and their nectar above,
Then while round the table the bumper we
pass,
Let the toast be to Venns and each smiling
lass.

Apollo may torment his catgut or wire,
Yet Bacchus or Beauty the theme must in-
spire ;
Or else all his humming and strumming is
vain
The true joys of heaven he'd never obtain.

To love and be loved, how transporting the
bliss,
While the heart-cheering glass gives a zest to
each kiss ,
With Bacchus and Venus we'll ever combine ;
For drinking and kissing are pleasures divine,

As sons of Anacreon then let us be gay,
With drinking and love pass the moments a-
way ;
With wine and with beauty let's fill up the
span,
For that's the best method, deny it who can.

COME, OLD TIME.

COME, old Time, and use thy sickle,
Life's a weight I cannot bear ;
Cares are constant, forrune fickle,
And our joys but trifles are.

Friends are shadows that deceive us,
In our wants they disappear ;
The world's too base for heaven to give us
Any real blessings here.

COME, ALL YOU MAIDS.

COME, all you maids, who fain would—marry,
Learn, learn of me the way to choose ;
Rather by half till doomsday—tarry,
Than beauty on an old man—lose.
Ah ! tell me how can wrinkles—charm you ?
What joys can age excite or—prove ?
Let then, your dangerous state—alarm you,
And choose a young man that can—love.
An old man always will be—wheezing.

No feeling, hearing, taste, or—sight ;
A young man always will be—pleasing,
Sprightly all day and kind at—night.
Ah ! tell me, how, &c

DISTRESS ME WITH THESE TEARS.

DISTRESS me with these tears no more ;
One kiss, my girl, and then adieu !
The last boat destined for the shore
Waits, dearest girl, alone for you.
Soon, soon, before the light winds borne,
Shall I be sever'd from your sight ;
You left the lonely hours to mourn,
And weep through many a stormy night.

When far along the restless deep,
In trim array the ship shall steer,
Your form remembrance still shall keep,
Your worth affection still revere ;
And with the distance from your eyes,
My love for you shall be increas'd !
As to the pole the needle lies,
And farthest off still varies least.

While round the bowl the jovial crew
Shall sing of triumphs on the main,
My thoughts shall fondly turn to you,
Of you alone shall be my strain ;
And when we've bow'd the leaguering foe,
Revengeful of our country's wrong,
Returning home, my heart shall show
No fiction graced my artless song.

LOVE AND GLORY.

Young Henry was as brave a youth
As ever graced a martial story ;
And Jane was fair as lovely truth
She sigh'd for love, and he for glory ;

With her his faith he meant to plight,
And told her many a gallant story,
'Till war, their honest joys to blight,
Call'd him away from love to glory,

Brave Henry met the foe with pride,
Jane followed, fought,—ah ! hapless story,
In man's attire, by Henry's side :
She died for love, and he for glory !

Dibdin.

**DEAR IS MY LITTLE NATIVE
VALE.**

Dear is my little native vale !
The ring-dove builds and warbles there ;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager ;
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty

In Orange groves and myrtle bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my loved lutes romantic sound ;
Or crowns of living laurels weave,
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepnerd's horn at break of day,
The ballet dance in twilight glade,

The canzonet and roundelay,
Sung in the silent greenwood shade,
These simple joys that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

Rogers.

THE THRASHER.

Can any king be half so great
So kind, so good as I ?
I gave the hungry food to eat,
And liquor to the dry,
My labour's hard, but still 'tis sweet,
And easy to endure ,
For, while I toil to thresh the wheat,
I comfort rich and poor :
And I merrily sing, as I swing round the flail,
My reward, when work's over, a mug of brown
ale.

If from the wheat the bread is born,
Our miseries to cheer
'Tis merry Sir John Barleycorn,
Supplies us with his beer ;
Besides, while thus I thresh the corn,
Our pleasure to ensure,
I for my neighbours' good was born
A baker and a brewer :

For I bake and I brew, as I swing round the
flail

To provide them with bread, ane a mug of
brown ale.

'Tis for myself, when all is said,
work thus with such glee ;

For, if for others I make bread,

My labour's bread to me.

For others' mouths I must provide,

My children must be fed ;

My wife, and some sick friend beside

Who cannot earn his bread.

With these notions I merrily swing round the
flail

My reward, when work s over, a mug of brown
ale.

And when my mortal race is near run

All toil and labor vain,

A jolly thresher shall be my son

His crazy dad maintain.

Thus will I work, and laugh, and sing,

And at my threshing toil,

Unless I'm call'd on by my king

To guard my native soil .

Then, accustom'd to threshing, I'll swing round
the flail.,

And thresh the proud foe, for a mug of brown
ale.

A CHIEFTAIN TO THE HIGH- LANDS.

A chieftain to the Highland's bound
Cries, "Boatman do not tarry ;
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row me o'er the ferry. "

" Now, who be ye would cross Lochgyle
Across the stormy water ?"

" Oh ! I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

" And fast before her father's men,
Three days we've fled together ;
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

" His horseman hard behind us ride ;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride,
When they have slain her lover ?"

Out spake the hardy Highland wight,
" I'll go, my chief, I'm ready
And 'tis not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady.

" And by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry ;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry. "

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking
And in the scowl of heaven, each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh ! haste thee, haste," the lady cries,
" Though tempests round us gather,
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,
When, oh ! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters round prevailing,
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismay'd through storm and shade
His child he did discover ;
One lovely hand she stretched for aid
And one was round her lover !

"Come back, come back, " he cried in grief,
Across this stormy water ,
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter ; oh, my daughter !"

'Tis vain , the loud wave lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing :
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

LOVE HAS EYES.

Love's blind they say ;
Oh ! never, nay,
Can words Love's grace impart ;
The fancy's weak,
The tongue may speak,
But eyes alone the heart :
In one soft look what language lies !
O ! yes, believe me, Love has eyes.

Love's winged they cry ;
O ! never, I ;
No : pinions love to soar ;
Deceivers rove,
But never Love,
Attached he moves no more ;
Can he have wings who never flies ?
And yes, believe me, love has eyes.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS.

Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame elates thee,
Oh ! then remember me.
When the praise thou meetest,
To thy ear is sweetest,
Oh ! still remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee
Sweeter far may be :
But when friends are nearest,

And when joys are dearest,
O ! then remember me,

When at eve thou rovest,
By the star thou lovest,
Oh ! then remember me !
Think, when home returning,
Oft we've seen it burning,
Oh ! then remember me !
Oft as Summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On her lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee :
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them
Oh ! then remember me !

When around thee lying,
Autumn leaves are dying,
Oh ! then remember me ,
And, at home, when gazing,
On the hearth blazing,
Oh ! still remember me !
Then, should music, stealing,
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing
Draw one tear from thee,
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee,
Oh ! then remember me !

HOW STANDS THE GLASS ?

How stands the glass around !
For shame, ye take no care, boys ;
How stands the glass around ?
Let mirth and wine abound.
The trumpets sound,
The colors they are flying, boys,
To fight, kill or wound ;
May we still be found,
Content with our hard fate, my boys,
On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why,
Should we be melancholy, boys ;
Why, soldiers, why,
Whose business 'tis to die ?
What—sighing ? fie !
Don't fear, drink on, be jolly, boys ;
'Tis he, you, or I,
Cold, hot, wet or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain ;
(I mean not to upbraid you, boys,)
'Tis but in vain,
For soldiers to complain ;
Should next campaign
Send us to him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain,
But if we remain,
A bottle and kind landlady
Cure all again.

THERE WAS A MAN.

There was a man, though it's not very com-
mon,
And, as people say, he was born of a woman,
And, if it be true, as I have been told,
He was once a mere infant, but age made him
old,

Derry Down.

His face was the oddest that ever was seen.
His mouth stood across, 'twixt his nose and
his chin;
Whenever he spoke it was then with his voice
And in talking he always made some sort of
noise.

He'd an arm on each side to work when he
pleased,
But he never work'd hard when he lived at his
ease;
Two legs he had to make him complete,
And, what was more odd, at each end were his
feet.

His legs, as folks say, he could move at his
will,
And when he was walking he never stood
still.
If you were to see him, you'd laugh till you'd
burst,
For one leg or t'other would always be first.

And, as people say, if you give him some meat
Why, if he was hungry he surely would eat

And when he is dry, if you give him the pot,
The liquor most commonly runs down his
throat.

If this whimsical fellow had a river to cross
If he could not get over, he'd stay where he
was ;
He seldom or ever got off the dry ground,
So great was his luck that he never was
drown'd.

Another misfortune befel this poor yeoman,
For when he was married his wife was a
woman !
And, if you believe me, though he was revell'd
You may safely aver he was never with child.
And, if it be true, as I have heard tell,
When he was sick, he was not very well ;
He gave a large gasp, opened his mouth so
wide,
By some means or other this poor fellow died.
But the reason he died, and the cause of his
death
Was, poor soul ! for the want of more breath.
And now he is left in the grave for to moulder,
Had he lived a day longer, he'd been a day
older.

SORROW'S A SNIVELLING BOY

Sorrow's a snivelling boy,
 Corporal Care's a bore,
 I'm for General Joy,
 His is a light-hearted corps
 Sing fai de ral, &c.

Gaily my knapsack I slung,
 Marching where bullets flew fast,
 As loud as they whistled I sung,
 And home I came merry at last.
 Sing fal de ral, &c.

GILES SCROGGINS.

Giles Scroggins courted Molly Brown,
 Fol deriddle lol, fol deriddle lido;
 The fairest wench in all the town,
 Fol deriddle, lol, &c.
 He bought her a ring with posey true,
 "If you loves I as I loves you,
 "No knife can cut our loves in two."

But scissors cut as well as knives,
 Fol deriddle lol, &c.
 And quite unsartin's all our lives,
 Fol deriddle lol, &c.
 'The day they were to have been wed,
 Fate's scissors cut poor Giles's thread,
 So they could not be mar-ri-ed;

Poor Molly laid her down to weep
Fol deriddle lol, &c.
And cried herself quite fast asleep.
Fol deriddle lol, &c.
When, standing all by the bed post,
A figure tall her sight engross'd,
And it cried, I beez Giles Scroggins' ghost.
Fol deriddle lol, &c.

The ghost it said, all solemnly,
Fol deriddle lol, &c.
O Molly, you must go with I!
Fol deriddle, lol, &c.
All to the grave, your love to cool,
She says, I am not dead you fool!
Says the ghost, says he, Vy, that's no rule!
Fol deriddle lol, &c.

The ghost he seized her all so grim,
Fol deriddle lol, &c.
All for to go along with him,
Fol deriddle lol, &c.
Come, come, said he, ere morning oeam,
I von't said she, and she sereamed a scream?
Then she woke and found she had dream't a
dream,
About fol deriddle, &c.

HERE'S A HEALTH.

Here's a health to all good lasses,
Pledge it merrily, fill your glasses,
Let the bumper toast go round.
May they live a life of pleasure

Without mixture, without measure,
For with them true joys are found.

GLORIOUS APOLLO.

Glorious Apollo from on high beheld us,
Wandering to find a temple for his praise,
Sent Polyhymnia hither to shield us,
Whilst we ourselves such a structure might
raise.

Thus then combining,
Hands and hearts joining,
Sing we in harmony Apollo's praise.

Here every generous sentiment awaking,
Music inspiring unity and joy,
Each social pleasure giving and partaking,
Glee and good humour our hours ere o
Thus then combining,
Hands and hearts joining,
Long may continue our unity and joy.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw,
But blessings on your frosty paw,
John Anderson, my jo

oh! Anderson, my jo, John,
When nature first began
To try her cannie hand, John,
Her masterwork was man !
And you among them a' John,
Sae trig from tap to toe,
She proved to be nae journie work,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
Ye wer' my first conceit,
An' ye need na think it strange, John,
Tho' I ca' ye trim an' neat :
'Tho' some folks say ye're auld, John,
I never think ye so,
Bnt I think ye're aye the same to me,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We've seen our bairns' bairns,
And ye, my dear John Anderson,
I'm happy in your arms ;
And sae are ye in mine, John,
I'm sure ye'll ne'er say no,
'Tho' the days are gane, that ye hae seen,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
What pleasure does it gie,
To see sae mony sprouts, John,
Spring up 'tween you and me,
And ilka lad and lass, John,
In our footsteps to go,
Make perfect heaven here on earth,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
Frae year to year we've pass'd,
And soon that year maun come, John,
Will bring us to our last;
But let na ihat affright us, John,
Our hearts were ne'er our foe,
While in innocent delight we lived,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither.
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

I'VE KISS'D.

I've kiss'd and I've prattled with fifty fair
maids,
And changed them as oft, do you see?
But of all the gay lasses that sport on the
green,
The maid of the mill for me.

There's fifty young men have told me fine
tales
And call'd me the fairest she,
But, of all the young men that danced on the
green,
Young Harry's the lad for me.

His eyes are as black as the sloe in the hedge,
Her cheeks like the blossoms in May;
Her teeth are as white as the new shorn flock,
Her breath like the new made hay.

He's tall and he's straight as the poplar tree,
His cheeks are as the red rose,
He looks like a squire of high degree,
When dressed in his Sunday clothes.

WATER PARTED.

Water parted from the sea,
May Increase the river's tide,
To the bubbling fount may flee,
Or through fertile valleys glide.

Yet in search of lost repose,
Doom'd like me forlorn to roam;
Still it murmurs as it flows,
Till it reach its native home.

THE SOLDIER TIRED.

The soldier, tired of war's alarms,
Forswears the clang of hostile arms,
And scorns the spear and shield;
But if the brazen trumpet sound,
He burns with conquest to be crown'd,
And dares again the field.

WHEN VULCAN FORGED.

When Vulcan forged the bolts of Jove
In Etna's roaring glow,
Neptune petitioned he might prove
Their use and power below ;
But, finding in the boundless deep
Such thunders would but idly sleep,
He with them arm'd Britannia's hand ,
To guard from foes her native land.

Long may she hold the awful right,
And, when, through circling flame,
She darts her vengeance in the fight,
May justice guide her aim.

And, when assailed in future wars,
Her soldiers, brave and gallant tars,
Shall launch her fires from every hand,
On every foe to Britain's land.

WILL WATCH.

'Twas one morn when the wind from the
northward blew keenly,
When sullenly roared the big waves of the
main,
A famed smuggler, Will Watch, kissed his Sue
then serenely
Took the helm and to sea boldly steered out
again.
Will had promised his Sue that this trip, if well-
ended,
Should coil up his hopes, and he'd anchor on
shore .

When his pockets were lined, why his life
should be mended,
The laws he had broken he'd never break
more.
His sea-boat was trim, made her port, took her
lading,
Then Will stood for home, reach'd the of-
fing, and cried,
This night, if I've luck, furl the sails of my
trading,
In dock I can lay, serve a friend too beside.
Will lay too till the night came on darksome
and dreary,
To crowd every sail then, he piped up each
hand,
But a signal soon spied, 'twas a prospect un-
cheery,
A signal that warn'd him to bear from the
land.
The Philistines are out, cries Will, we'll take
no heed on't,
Attack'd who's the man that will flinch from
his gun?
Should my head be blown off, I shall ne'er feel
the need on't,
We'll fight while we can, when we can't
boys, we'll run.
Through the haze of the night, a bright flash
now appearing,
Oh! now, cries Will Watch, the Philistines
bear down,
Bear a hand, my tight lads, 'ere we think about
sheering,
One broadside pour in, should we swim,
boys, or drown.

But should I be popp'd off, you, my mates, let
behind me.

Regard my last words, see 'em kindly obey'd
Let no stone mark the spot, and, my friends,
do you mind me,

Near the beach is the grave where Will
Watch would be laid.

Poor Will's yarn was spun out—for a bullet
next minute

Laid him low on the deck, and he never
spoke more ;

His bold crew fought the brig while a shot re-
mained it,

Then sheered—and Will's hulk to his Susan
they bore.

In the dead of the night his last wish was
complied with,

To few known his grave, and to few known
his end ;

He was borne to the earth by the crew that he
died with.

He'd the tears of his Susan, the prayers of
each friend.

Near his grave dash the billows the winds
loudly bellow,

Yon ash, struck with light'ning, points on
the cold bed,

Where Will Watch, the bold smuggler, that
famed lawless fellow,

Once feared, now forgot, sleeps in peace
with the dead.

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